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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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JULY 29, 1933

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Mrs. Roosevelt's Page

A new department by the wife of the President *starts this month in* WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

"I want you to write to me," says MRS. ROOSEVELT

"I WANT you to write to me. The invitation comes from my heart, in the hope that we can establish here a clearing house, a discussion room, for the millions of men, women and young people who read the COMPANION every month."

With these words the President's wife commences a feature unique in American publishing—a fascinating monthly forum of vital, personal interest to everyone in your family.

Maybe you face a problem in your daughter or son, growing up in these changing times and you are wondering what business will offer them the best opportunities in the next few years—maybe, as a young mother, you are anxious about your baby's health—perhaps you are curious to know how to make your 1933 budget cover a worthwhile summer vacation. Whatever your problem may be, write to Mrs. Roosevelt, freely, in care of Companion. Your name will not be printed unless you give permission.

Companion feels that no one is better fitted than Mrs. Roosevelt to help and advise the women of America in this swiftly changing world of ours. That she should take time from her busy days to do this service is in keeping with the President's own keen interest in the growing part women are playing in our national life.

If you would like to have Mrs. Roosevelt's page come to you in Companion every month, simply use the coupon below. It will bring you also six or more new novels, sixty fine short stories, special articles, fashions, recipes, and all the other features that make Companion the best-loved of all women's magazines.

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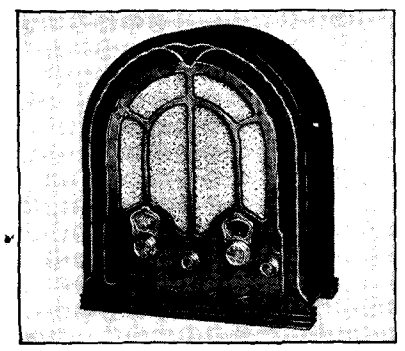
SPECIAL RADIOS FOR SUMMER FUN!

RCA VICTOR

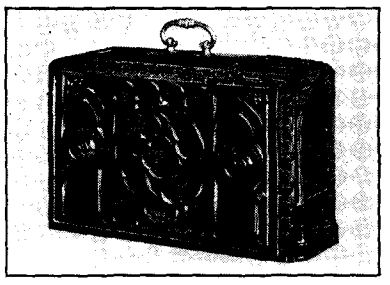
doubles your summer pleasure with these amazing radios, for auto, home, vacation. "His Master's Voice" will entertain you 24 hours a day, any place and any time—and all for little cost!

RCA VICTOR'S *New "Carryettes"*

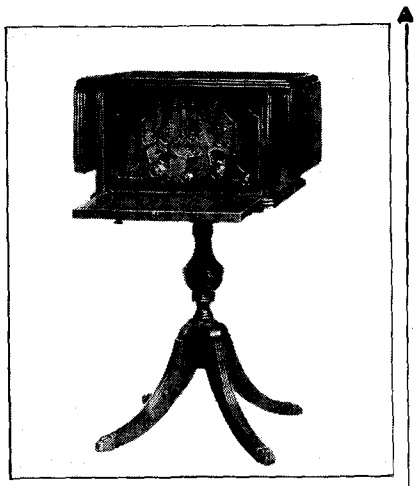
Here's quality in miniature . . . an RCA Victor Radio for every room! Good music is always at your fingertips. And each of the "Carryettes" has a special short wave band for police signals! Look them over...here and at your RCA Victor dealer. Prices are so low that everybody can afford good radio entertainment!



Look at this value! RCA Victor "Carryette" Model 28. 5 tubes, tone control, electro-dynamic speaker, also police waves, beautiful cabinet. Only $19.95

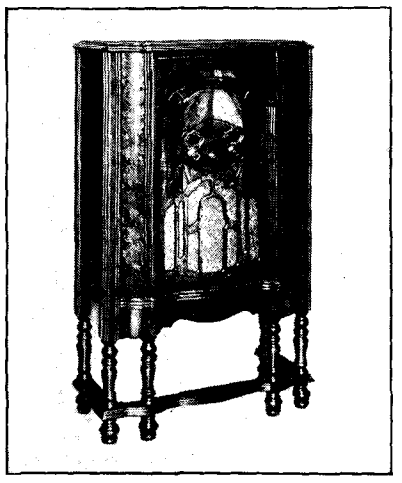


You'll enjoy this beautiful Model R-22S. Five tube superhet, AC-DC. Police call band. Cabinet jewel case design, Only $24.75



You'll enjoy this beautiful Duncan Phyfe Model R-28F. All the features of the other sets plus a handsome table. Complete $44.50

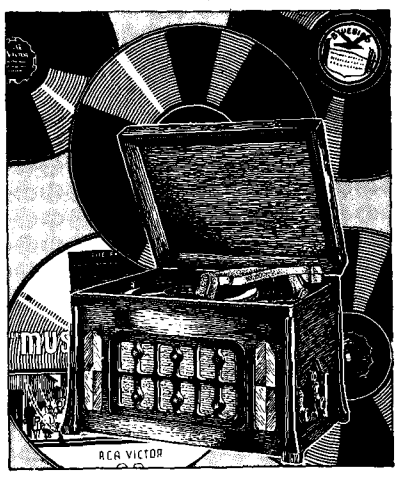
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



A low price for a large radio! A charming console, Model R-38. Exceptional tone, volume and range. 6 tubes, Automatic Volume Control, Tone Control and Visual Volume Indicator. Complete $49.95

(Prices slightly higher in the West)

VICTOR RECORDS *for "2 in One Music"*



Model RE-40, "Radio-Fonograf"

Price only $49.95 *Complete*

The Victor Dog announces finer records than ever . . . and the new RCA Victor "Radio-Fonograf" Model RE-40 with full superheterodyne performance, gives you full, rich radio plus electric record reproduction and two-speed turntable—the recorded music you want when you want it.

NEWEST RECORDS
(Standard or Long-Playing)

Record No. 39002—Medley of Noel Coward songs—10 celebrated musical comedy hits by Noel Coward and Leo Reisman and his orchestra—a smart picture record, list price $2.00

Record No. 24325—"I Cover the Water Front" and "Isn't It Heavenly" by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. Two extremely attractive dances in Duchin's best style—list price $.75

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If you can't obtain these records, write to RCA Victor, Camden, N. J., enclosing price and we will send them postpaid. Also, you will be placed on our monthly mailing list of latest releases.

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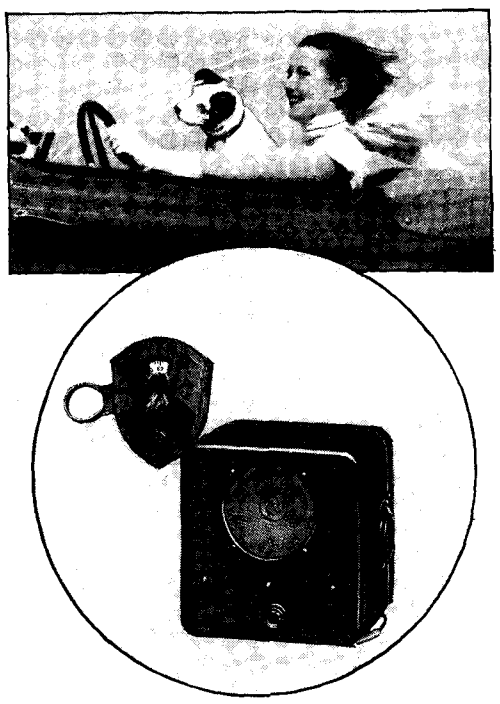

"His Master's Voice" on the Road!

AN RCA VICTOR AUTO RADIO *for only*

$39.95 COMPLETE

Listen to all of radio's finest features . . . music, news, comedy . . . while you drive! Get one of these new RCA Victor Auto Radios. It's all in one simple, single unit. Yet has a full electro-dynamic speaker, tone control, ten unique features in all, including four new-type tubes that do the work of seven! Drive around today to any RCA Victor or auto accessory dealer . . . and soon enjoy more pleasant driving.

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MARCAS REGISTRADAS

WASHINGTON ON THE AIR!

Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, Secretary to President Roosevelt, in 1933's most eventful broadcasts on a coast-to-coast network every Sunday night, 10 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time—WEAF and N. B. C. networks.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

NO GUY is so old-fashioned as to believe any doll will go to his apartment nowadays just to look at etchings. Not even Mr. Justin Veezee, who, as is well known to one and all, is nothing but an old stinker.

But when Mr. Justin Veezee is found looking extremely dead and holding a bunch of etchings in his hand, it amounts to nothing less than a clue, for no guy is hauling out etchings at four o'clock in the morning to look at them by himself.

That is where the Arabian acrobatic dancer comes in. She is called Miss Cleghorn, although they bill her in lights in front of the Club Soudan as Illah-Illah, which is maybe her first name. But Mr. Damon Runyon says you must not pin the foul deed on her but on the butler because this is the way such things are always done. The only trouble with his idea is that there is no butler. "What, No Butler?" It hardly seems right.

WITH transport airplanes sweeping across our skies at upwards of three miles a minute and streamlined automobiles gliding smoothly along our highways, there is a growing reluctance in this country to ride in railroad coaches that were the last word in transportation at the Columbian World's Fair. So marked has this reluctance become that now even the railroads have noticed it and, dropping their futile attempt to have competition taxed out of existence, they are going modern with a bang.

Stream-lined, air-conditioned, aluminum trains will soon pick you up and whiz you along on rubber tires at a hundred miles an hour. And that's not a dream; it's fact. George Creel shows you the railroads preparing to "Clear the Track."

THE Gregorys were rich — and *from* the North. When they arrived at Casa Mara, their estate in Georgia, they unfurled a house flag to show that they were in residence. It was, as Mrs. Wingate remarked, a trifle sumptuous. And when Mr. Gregory gave Richard Wingate a check for five thousand dollars for saving his daughter's life, all St. Cecilia held its breath. "Insult Accepted" by Dwight Mitchell Wiley chronicles the result.

FRANK CONDON takes you to the beautiful island of O-O where golf is played for high stakes: your head against a most attractive white captive. Will you play? Howard Reed and W. B. Courtney describe the breath-taking adventures of a cougar hunter. Elaine Sterne Carrington, Bill Cunningham, Winston Churchill and others contribute stories and articles. Kathleen Norris and Ernest Haycox continue the serials. What a prospect!

This Week

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July 29, 1933

Cover by Jay Hyde Barnum

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
As If He Cared! **As one girl to another —in strict duplicity.** **Page 7**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Stop Lying to Investors. **Teaching figures not to lie and enabling accountants to tell all.** **Page 10**

EVERETT RHODES CASTLE
Wow of the Week. **Mike Calhoun's best practical joke—with a snapper on the end.** **Page 12**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Legs Last Just So Long. **But a fighting heart is good to the end—especially in baseball.** **Page 14**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part III. **Fanny, abandoned but unbowed.** **Page 16**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **By-products of history: brief and bright.** **Page 18**

T. R. YBARRA
You Can't Get to Heaven That Way. **Adolf Hitler tackles religion.** **Page 19**

WILLIAM MacHARG
Through the Cabin Window. **Things are never what they seem: ask O'Malley.** **Page 21**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
All About Women, **by André Maurois.** **Page 22**

RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M. D.
Beauty Without Bunk. **The doctor visits a beauty shop—regularly.** **Page 23**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Part V. **Lynn faces the fire.** **Page 24**

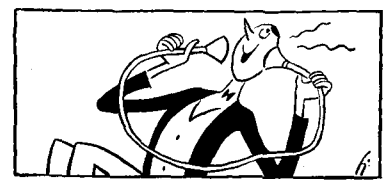
THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE
In the Saddle. **Lewis Douglas, a tough proposition for any wayward budget to run into.** **Page 26**

EDITORIAL
When the Dam Comes Down. **Page 46**

●

Any Week

"IT IS not the love of money that is the root of all evil," thinks Mr. Albert O. Whittaker of Seattle, Washington, "but the love of the sound of our own voices." This at the end of a nice long letter in which the London Economic Conference was taken to pieces with no effort to put it together again.



"I KNOW a banker," writes Mrs. L. V. Merchant of Birmingham, Alabama, "who rose up in church and told the world that he would not lend a cent nor do a dollar's worth of business with anybody who did not pledge himself to vote to retain the Eighteenth Amendment. Right after church one of the elders informed him that unless there was repeal and beer and so forth his finances would not permit him to pay off the $7,500 he owed the bank. The banker allowed that that was something else again and is now busy denying his words and trying to square himself. You ought to see the poor fellow."

HAVING looked the situation over coldly, Mr. Sol Lewin of Chicago finds out what is wrong with the world in general. "Our high places," he assures us, "are occupied by professional politicians trained in the old school. They are of the school that got us into the war and learned nothing from it. They let error pile on error, bringing about the current situation. And now they think themselves fit to pass upon recovery measures that they can't understand because they're new. Bah."

MR. GEORGE McLACHLIN of Lawrence, Massachusetts, just doesn't like us. He isn't even going to try to like us. We read his letter twice and find nothing specific about his distaste but in his opinion we lack something. He concludes by saying: "I'll bet you don't beat your wife. You're afraid to."

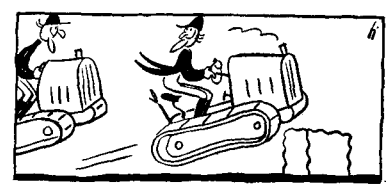
THE whole trouble is the general disillusionment that prevails, thinks Miss Georgia Gottsgen of Columbus, Ohio. In the old days we looked up to a few elders and were guided by them. They may have been wrong, she says, but we didn't know it and sooner or later things came out all right and the elders got the credit. "But now," laments Miss Gottsgen, "we're all economists, historians and general authorities on everything and that's the trouble."

"NOW that they have the farmer, the factory hand, the mill worker and organized labor in general all fixed up," sighs Mr. Charles H. Martin of Atlanta, Georgia, "perhaps they'll have time to do something noble for the millions of us who are just clerks and middle-class office workers. And just in time, my lad, just in time."

ONE of the signs of the times, says Miss Nella Blair of Chicago, "is found in the newspaper habits of the commuter. He has stopped poring anxiously over the stock market reports and has gone back to the cross-word puzzle. Indeed," concludes Miss Blair, "there is so much optimism on the Evanston trains that men are working their cross-words with fountain pens."

WE ARE asked by Mr. H. B. Bozeman of Winnefield, Louisiana, to clear up his identity. We said that Battling Bozeman was one of the anti-Long witnesses before the Senate Investigating Committee. Mr. H. B. Bozeman says that it was he and not Battling, his distant relative, who did that bit of testifying.

MR. L. C. ROSENKRANZ of St. Louis, Missouri, feels that we may sag a bit now and then under the lash of our critics. He offers, therefore, a bit of advice which he has picked up from the lore of the famous Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine, once Speaker of the House of Representatives. "When they tell the truth about you, pay no attention to it," said the great man, according to Mr. Rosenkranz. "If they're lying, ignore it."



AND Mr. Bert S. Gittins of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, reports a new contribution to farm relief. It's a tractor, he says, which amazed him beyond immediate recovery. It had a week's plowing ahead of it but just to warm up it did 35.4 miles an hour on the track at State Fair Park and then hustled back to work. Mr. Gittins estimates that at that rate the tractor will save the farmer 125,000,000 hours a year and $10,000,000 in fuel costs, to say nothing of the sporting life the farmer will enjoy.

"WHAT'S become of the Forgotten Man?" demands Mr. Frank Gibbon of Los Angeles.

HE HAS just finished writing this column, Mr. Gibbon.

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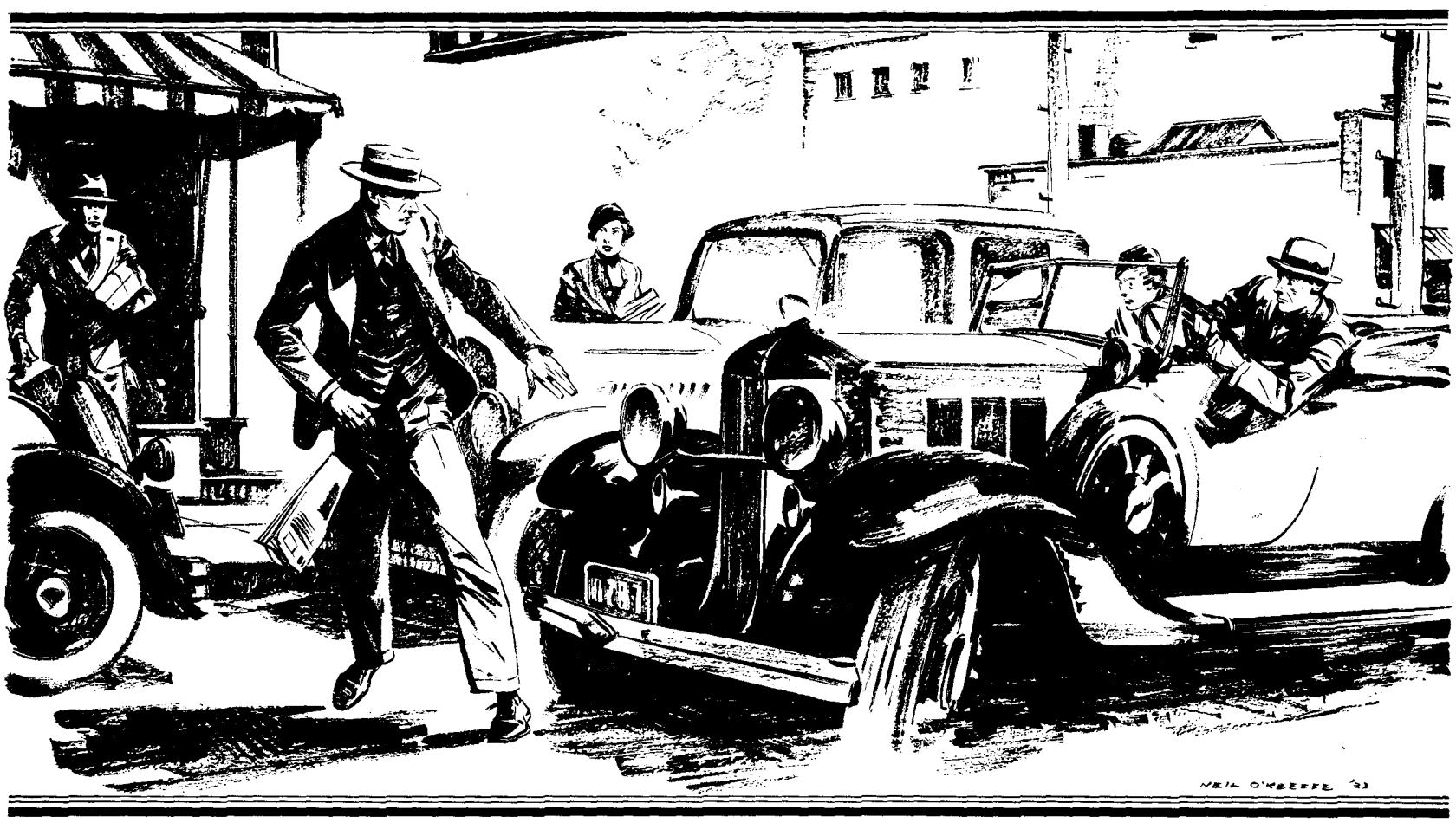
A Very Close Call



HAVE you ever escaped death by the fraction of a second when you thoughtlessly stepped almost directly into the path of a fast moving automobile? Or when you thought you were careful in crossing a street, has a car ever whirled around a corner, missing you by inches? That time you were lucky.

In this country, forty pedestrians are killed every day by moving cars and eight hundred are injured —some of them maimed for life. Thirty-five pedestrian accidents occur every hour — that is the present daily average.

Reckless drivers are directly responsible for part of this daily tragedy, but the majority of such accidents are the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness of pedestrians.

Although the safety training of children by some schools has helped to prevent many accidents, about ten children are still being killed every day. Even effective signals and alert traffic officers at crowded street corners are powerless to help the persons who step out from behind a parked car on a street or highway.

Your safety and the safety of every member of your family, when crossing a street or walking on a highway, depends on the development of a fixed habit which must become second nature: Make certain that the road is clear before you take a step.

Will you uphold the teachers who are training the children to watch for the "Go" and "Stop" signals — and will you obey traffic regulations provided for your own safety? Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "The Safe Walker's Memo Book." It tells of the constant dangers which threaten those on foot—how you and yours can be safe walkers. Address Booklet Dept. 833-C.

ARE YOU A SAFE WALKER?

To how many of these questions can you answer NO?

Do you:	NO	YES
1. *Step out carelessly from behind parked cars or obstructions?*	—	—
2. *Try to weave through traffic?*	—	—
3. *Cross streets diagonally?*	—	—
4. *Get off and on vehicles in moving traffic?*	—	—
5. *Cross streets without observing traffic?*	—	—
6. *Cross at intersections against the light?*	—	—
7. *Stand in the street?*	—	—
8. *Allow your child to play in the streets?*	—	—
9. *Walk with instead of against traffic on the road or highway?*	—	—
10. *Fail to use particular care at night?*	—	—

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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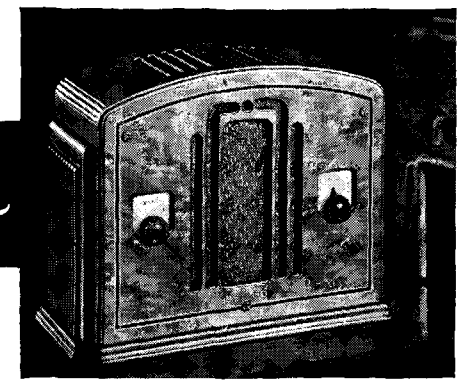
Both are PHILCO

Compactness and portability



MODEL 54C • $25

THE first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker of exceptional tone quality. Operates on Alternating or Direct Current. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations but also all police—some amateur and airplane—short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $15.

Tremendous power *and* exquisite tone

A RADIO small enough to pack in a suit-case—yet a radio that possesses such "big set" features as automatic volume control, an illuminated dial, and an electro-dynamic speaker.

Only PHILCO could design and produce a radio in which ability and portability are so happily combined!

From this triumph of compactness to the magnificent PHILCO 16X with its tremendous power and great distance range is a far step in size. But both are products of the same great laboratories—both are designed by the same great scientific staff—both are built to the same precision standards to be worthy of the PHILCO name.

In between these two extremes, there are many other PHILCO models varying greatly in power, and in size, but all designed to give true PHILCO performance and exquisitely realistic PHILCO tone.

Whether you seek a small radio as an "extra set" for a bedroom—or whether you have decided that the time is now ripe to hear PHILCO at its best through the medium of one of the larger Inclined Sounding Board or Remote Control models—let the nearest PHILCO dealer show you the radio that is indisputably "A Musical Instrument of Quality".

$15 to $600 Prices slightly higher Denver and West

PHILCO MODEL 16X • • • • $150

THE most magnificent and most powerful (auditorium volume if desired) musical instrument PHILCO ever designed.

Its marvelous tone is due to the PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board — the greatest development in scientific sound reproduction.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were "present in person".

Unexcelled for regular broadcast reception — plus most efficient reception of short-wave bands including the ultra-short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts.

Short-wave tuning made easy by the exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch and Dual Ratio Tuning. 60 to 1 ratio for short-wave tuning in addition to regular 8 to 1 ratio on standard broadcast band. Range from 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) to 520 kilocycles—13 to 575 meters.

Exclusive PHILCO Class "A" Audio System gives a range of undistorted volume never before obtainable in any radio.

Exclusive PHILCO Bass Compensating Tone Control gives that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble. Every other worthwhile improvement—Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Interstation Noise Suppression, Shadow Tuning, etc.

PHILCO 16X (as illustrated) $150. The powerful and versatile 16 chassis is also available in a beautiful Lowboy cabinet—the 16L at $125—and in a cabinet of the Baby Grand type—the 16B at $75.

A New PHILCO Automobile Radio at $39.95
(complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

Everything in one compact convenient unit. All-Electric. No extra batteries. Steering column control. Installed on—or transferred to—any car while you wait, by your car dealer—any PHILCO-Transitone dealer or United Motors Service Station.

Other PHILCO Automobile Radios at $59.50 and $89.50—complete and installed.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO
A musical instrument of quality

Listen to
BOAKE
CARTER
over key
Columbia
Stations

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Collier's

The National Weekly for July 29, 1933

BLA, KANSAS

As if he Cared

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Wherein "the other woman" enters, and a man and a girl meet a problem as old as humanity—and just as full of heartbreak as it ever was

And then, with his youth and his indolent charm, he leaned down and kissed her

FOR settlement calls Carol did not wear the flying white cap and the starched apron of the Slade Hospital Training School. She wore a dark blue coat and skirt and a scarf that tied under her chin and a close little hat which she pulled down over the silver-yellow of her hair. Wherever she went, the hospital satchel went with her; the black bag filled with instruments and dressings and drugs that was recognized all over the East Side and that had the insignia of the hospital on its side.

This out-patient duty was part of every nurse's training, and about most of the training-school Mrs. Stokel, who was in charge of the Bag Room, felt practically no anxiety. Mrs. Stokel had been at Slade for twenty years and her eyes had seen much. She knew that bag of mercy was a shield and buckler. Thus she lived at peace with circumstances until Carol's face took to wandering, chaperoned only by her bag, down the Bowery or under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. And that, it seemed to Mrs. Stokel, was just asking for trouble.

"Carol's late this evening," she would say to Mr. Ogilvie through the wire netting which locked him in with his case histories.

"What's she on?"

"That Pattarini case."

"Carol'll be along all right," Mr. Ogilvie would tell her. "Carol gives every patient three times the attention they deserve—that's the trouble. Has Dr. Howes sent in his report yet?"

Eventually Carol would arrive, looking tired and lovely and triumphant. Usually she remembered to bring an evening paper for Mr. Ogilvie.

"Tough going?" Mrs. Stokel would ask, looking at her sharply.

"Rather," Carol would say in her voice like running water. And Mrs. Stokel would know before she looked in the bag that every inch of dressing and bandage had been used, and both cans of chloroform and the hypodermic and the stimulants.

"Guess between you you pulled her through all right," Mrs. Stokel would say, no matter which of the doctors had been on the case. For Carol was turning out to be a marvelous nurse. She said hardly anything, and she made no idle gestures, and she never lied to the patients and everybody loved and trusted her and obligingly tried to get well for her.

CAROL had a fortnight's vacation at Easter time and she came back looking as though she carried a lighted taper within her. Mrs. Stokel and Mr. Ogilvie stared at her. It seemed unbelievable that anyone could look so radiant. That lasted three days. Then one night she came in, silent, from the Pavese case. She looked more dead than alive; grim and wan and empty. Like a memory, like a little ghost.

The Out-patient Department had known for months that Rosa Pavese—who refused to come into the wards—was destined to be a troublesome case.

Mrs. Stokel leaned across her counter and laid a hand on Carol's shoulder. "Don't look like that," she said. "You did all you could."

"Rosa was marvelous," said Carol. "She was sound asleep when I left." Then she added: "The baby weighed ten pounds."

After a moment Mrs. Stokel took her hand from Carol's shoulder. So it wasn't Rosa, it wasn't work that was doing this to Carol.

"Those wops!" said Mrs. Stokel fiercely, not that she had anything against them. She pulled Carol's bag over for refilling. "They're keeping dinner hot for you in there," she said.

Carol said, "I don't want dinner."

"Of course you do! Go in and eat your good dinner!"

"No, I don't want dinner," said Carol. She stood still, as though she could not walk away.

Through his grating Mr. Ogilvie's little monkey-face spoke: "The switchboard's been trying to get you for the last hour. An outside call."

Carol's fingers played with a button on her jacket. "I don't want any outside calls," she said.

Mr. Ogilvie looked after her as she left, with the expression on his face wavering and changing about. "Carol don't act natural," he said. "There's something wrong."

"She had no business getting herself engaged to a society man," Mrs. Stokel muttered, crossly dumping Carol's bag.

"Society man" was not a complete description of Julian Matrick, and Mrs. Stokel knew it. What she simply could not bear, what made her very soul tremble to think of, was that Carol should

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have become engaged to "one of those bankers." That weighed on her. For Mrs. Stokel was a natural enemy of every profession except that of medicine.

"What's Carol got in common any more with all that idle lot?" she demanded.

Mr. Ogilvie, distressed, dipped a pen into his inkwell. "Carol don't look happy," he said. "No, she don't—"

MRS. STOKEL handed the waiting bag to Carol next morning. Carol might have slept, but she did not look it. She might have breakfasted—but very likely she had had only black coffee.

"You've got no new cases today," Mrs. Stokel said. "You stop and eat a decent lunch and report here before five. Hear me?"

"Darling! Of course!" said Carol. She understood that Mrs. Stokel was mothering her. Carol could not remember her own mother.

"You always promise!" chattered Mr. Ogilvie. "Why don't you do it once, Carol? Why've you got to stop and take care of every sick cat you run into?"

But Carol had vanished from the solicitous watchfulness of family life which that pair of unrelated strangers, Mrs. Stokel and Mr. Ogilvie, managed to create in the white-and-chromium coldness of the Slade Hospital. She went out into the bright wash of sunlight on Second Avenue. It was the first delirious sun of early April. But Carol did not feel the sun. A wagon, filled with hyacinths, went by. But Carol closed her heart to hyacinths. . . .

"Look what Tony Pavese left for you," said Mr. Ogilvie when she got in that evening. "He says Rosa's doing fine."

Carol looked. Attired in lavender blossoms and green leaves a hyacinth plant reared its loveliness in the stiff, hard, chilly discomfort of the Bag Room. Carol thought longingly of gardens.

"You keep it, Mr. Ogilvie," she said, "I loathe hyacinths."

"I HEAR you are engaged," said young Dr. Phil Howes late the next day.

He sat on the floor of the ambulance and counted the drops of chloroform that fell on the gauze-covered cage he held over the patient's nose. He wore a trench coat over his white ducks and when his eyes weren't otherwise occupied, he kept them on Carol's face though he knew every freckle and feature of it by heart. Of course he knew them. He had seen Carol grow up. He had persuaded her to enter training when the family fortune had gone out like a light and her father with it.

"Yes," said Carol. The ambulance shrieked its way through the startled traffic.

"Why," asked Dr. Howes, "do you look as though you were having an operation without anæsthetic? Is being engaged as bad as all that?"

"It's bad."

"I hear this cluck Matrick comes equipped with absolutely everything."

"Yes, he does," said Carol. "Everything." Her face set like a light in the gloom of the ambulance. A light in the darkness.

"I'd like to punch him in the nose," said Dr. Howes bitterly. He felt his patient's skin, counted her pulse. All right. He stared past Carol into the street, but it was no use. Even out there he saw nothing but her little quiet hands and her steady mouth in a steady face.

"Why couldn't you have loved me, Carol? I'm no prize package, I'll admit; but, gosh, we could've had a swell life!"

"I don't know," said Carol. She held on tight to the brass handle that kept one steady in the ambulance, held on to bare reality. "I had to fall in love with the prince in the fairy-tale. Didn't I?"

Dr. Howes, when they stopped, went off with the stretcher. Carol went through another door into the Bag Room.

"I'm early today," said Carol.

Apparently Mrs. Stokel had grown suddenly deaf. She did not hear Carol. But someone who stood motionless and calm on Carol's side of the counter reached down and took the bag from her and put it on the counter.

Carol took a deep breath. She stood quite still for a moment, looking too thin, looking as though she needed a lot of food and sleep. Looking terribly young and vulnerable. By turning her head a little Carol could see Mrs. Stokel being busy, Mr. Ogilvie becoming part of his records. But she did not turn her head to the man, though he was infinitely better to look at than Mrs. Stokel or Mr. Ogilvie. It was as though on this wistful April evening, into this corner of the city devoted solely to the harsh necessities of life, Park Avenue, so richly north, had suddenly propelled itself. For this man looked Park Avenue, he stood Park Avenue, he dressed Park Avenue. Carol stared at the bags, and down at her uniform, and most of all at Mrs. Stokel, who was Slade Hospital. Then she turned and marched toward the swinging door that led to the elevators.

"I've come to find out what is wrong," said Julian Matrick—"between us, I mean. I've brought Thelma so that we can all understand"

The man followed her. As though he did not care whether she invited him or not. As though he did always what he pleased, completely calm and at his ease. Very notable he looked walking beside Carol, not giving a damn for looking notable. Not tall; slow and violent and dark, with gray eyes that said, "You can go to hell if you don't like it" And somehow you knew he knew a lot about success and trouble and luck.

Carol stopped at the elevator.

"I can't think," she said, "why you are here. As if you loved me. As if it were fun to pretend any longer."

"And why," he asked, and nobody in the world had ever been able to make even a guess at what thoughts were passing behind his gray eyes, "why should I pretend?"

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Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"I don't know. I only know that you *have* pretended. Right along."

He looked at her, the lovely little white face so severe in profile.

"We're not engaged any longer," Carol went on. "Let's just forget we ever were, in the most decent and civilized and bearable way we can. . . . It was a mistake. It's lucky that we found out before we were married."

"Exactly what have we found out?"

"That you still love Thelma," said Carol.

"How did we find that out?"

"I suppose you found it out from seeing her again. All men do. Everybody loves Thelma. You can't go near her without forcing your way through crowds of men scrambling just to look at her."

"Yes, Thelma is only comfortable in crowds. How did *you* find out?" His eyes were suddenly extraordinarily clear, missing nothing.

"OH, I think I must always have known it. At any rate, I should have known it, if you didn't." Her eyes were on the elevator shaft where a bar of sunlight fell. It looked bright in the cold hall. "I can't think why I should have thought you would love me," she said. "After Thelma. It would be so odd for anyone who ever had Thelma love him to care anything about the sort of person that I am."

You could tell that she was in earnest. You could tell that it seemed like that to her, who was always amenable to a reasonable argument. Julian Matrick nodded and went on looking at her as if this was the first time he had ever really seen her.

"What sort of person *are* you?" he said. "It appears that I don't know."

"Not that it matters," she said, "but I'm everything that Thelma isn't. She's white-hot and marvelous and she blazes through the world like a jewel. You loved her when you married her, and then you got tired of her brilliance and her success and of the way the critics rave about her. I can see how that would be; how tired you would get of going into a restaurant behind her and of having your wife's beauty attract attention as if you were beating tom-toms. And Thelma thought her success—her career—was the really important thing in her life. So you were divorced. And then you met me and it seemed to you that that's what you ought to do—marry a little wren, and lead a standardized life."

SHE was standing straight, with her arms down at her sides and her bright head held high. She was in her striped indoor uniform today, because she had been out on that ambulance case and had not got into her serge suit. And her white cap on her very small head looked proud and uncapturable. But Julian Matrick leaned against the shaft, drumming the fingers of one hand against the bronze grille.

"Life with Thelma was not exactly standardized," was all he would admit. He stared at her face, which was white and hard and sad.

"Well, it would be with me," said Carol. "I'm not dazzling," she said, "I'm not incandescent." She looked at her serviceable uniform, at the hall's white-enameled woodwork and the pebble-colored walls. "I belong here in this hospital," she said. "It's the first place I've ever really *belonged*." She had loathed it when she first arrived, this hospital, but now she loved it. It was work—and work was good. It made the ease and luxury of life before the crash seem unreal and fantastic. Her father would have understood if he had lived, because her father had always understood everything.

"The kind of girl that is at home here," said Carol, "is not the sort for the great Julian Matrick to marry. I know that and you know it."

"You may know it," said Julian Matrick. "That does not mean that I know it. I may or may not know it."

"You know it," said Carol. She pressed the elevator button. She heard the machinery begin to whir.

"I must go now," said Carol, but she couldn't think what for. There seemed not to be much use going or staying. The elevator door opened before her. "Goodby," said Carol, stepping through it and staring hard—staring being one way of keeping your eyes from filling with tears. But Julian Matrick did not move and the elevator man stood waiting with his hand on the control.

"Will you let me give you dinner tonight?" he said. "This seems a little abrupt and there are things I don't understand." He looked at her, standing before him like a gardenia—like a gardenia even paler than usual and trying not to wilt.

"NO," she said. "There's no use prolonging all this. It's better just to—" But there was no use going on, hatefully emphasizing things already understood. "I had luncheon with Thelma," she said, "the last day of my vacation, the day you were called to Washington. She's rehearsing now and she's likely to be free for dinner. She said she wanted to see you again. Why don't you ring her up?"

His eyes seemed to be measuring her, dressed for her nursing, looking like a gardenia and ready for all the harsh things. A stiff, starchy sound came from her as she moved. Thelma one remembered always as wrapped in miles of soft, clinging stuff.

"She rang me up herself this morning," he said quietly.

"I thought she would," said Carol quickly. "Goodby."

The elevator door clicked courteously as it closed. No doors slammed in Slade. You finished things off gently in Slade, lives and engagements or whatever. . . . It was very still in the elevator. One was all alone there, really, since elevator boys don't count. The higher you went the deeper you got into the hospital, the farther from Park Avenue. . . . Presently you were all alone on the top floor of Slade, like being alone on the top of a great antiseptic mountain. You were alone in your own room, where there was nothing to do but be calm if you could. Alone in your own room at Slade, which, after all, was as near to nothingness as you could get. Carol sat still and dry-eyed and looked at her hands folded on her starched lap. Perhaps after a while you got used to nothingness.

But apparently what she had to get used to was seeing Julian Matrick around the hospital. For when she started out the next morning his car was standing near the out-patient gate—the open car that he drove himself.

"I wanted to talk to you," he said, getting out of the car, "and I thought I could drive you wherever you are going."

"I'd rather walk," said Carol. "Thanks."

SHE couldn't think of anything more to say to him. That was all there was to say. She was conscious only that he was still the same glamorous figure whom her cousin, Thelma, three years before had married. That had been the most talked-of match of the season—the famous society beauty and actress, Thelma Ellin, and the young financial genius, Julian Matrick. The world had supposed that a match like that between two such willful and colorful persons would not last, and the world had been right. It hadn't. But what the world ought to have known, if it didn't, was that they would probably go on loving each other. Which they had, according to Thelma.

Thelma had seen Carol and Julian at a restaurant the night before Carol's spring vacation ended, and the next day she had called Carol and asked her to lunch. It was so marvelous, she had said, to see Julian again, and the minute she had, she had known he was the only man for her, that there was no such thing as divorce, that she could see from Julian's face that he still cared for her, Thelma. And Carol must tell her all about him: how he had been this last year, and what he had said, and why he hadn't lost everything the way most of the men one knew had, and how Carol had met him—and wasn't it odd

(Continued on page 36)

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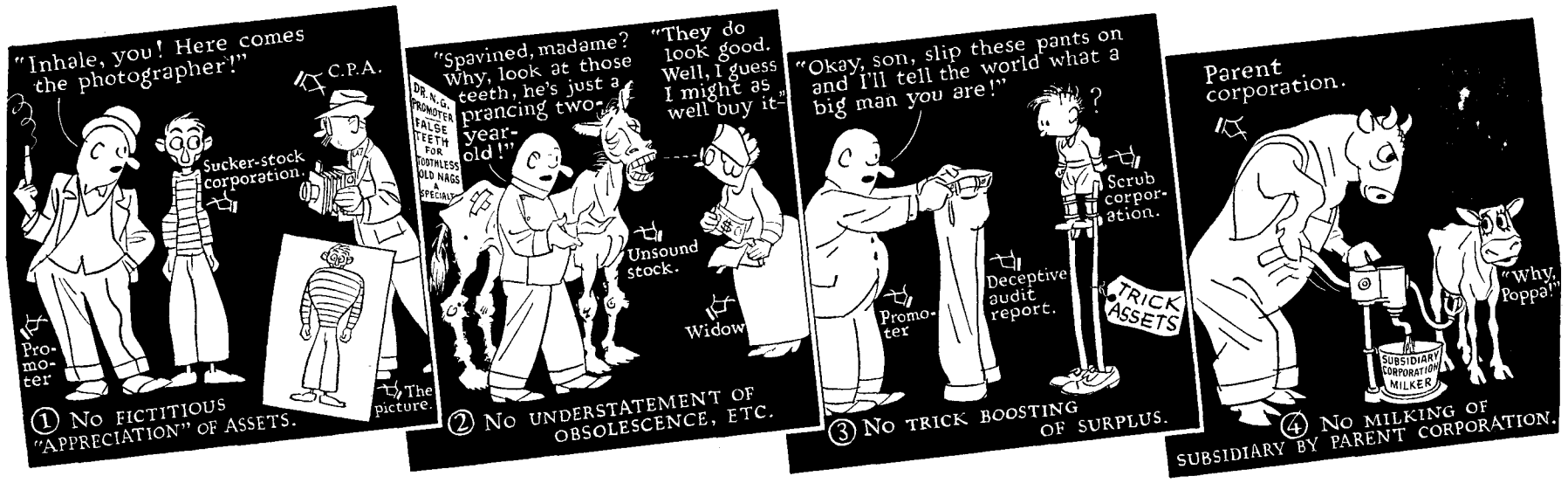
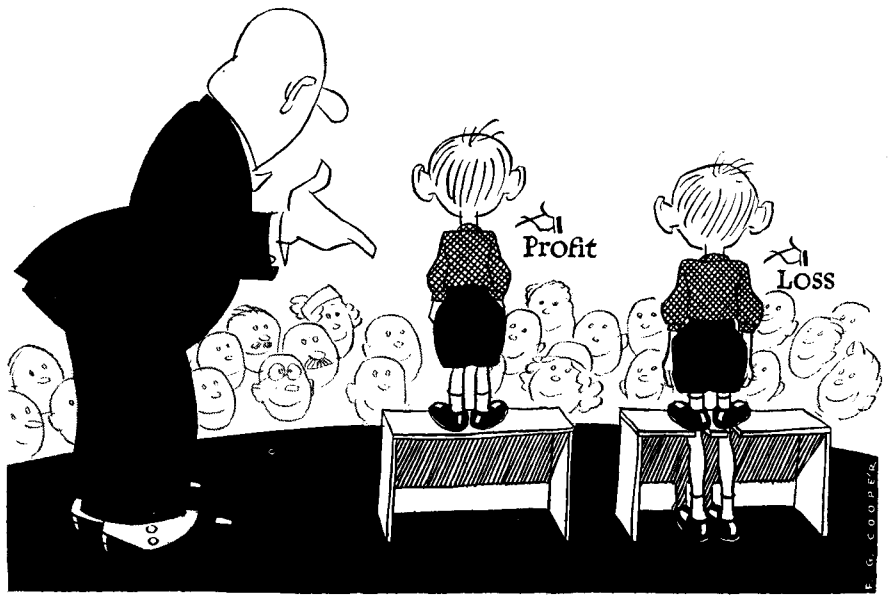

"Inhale, you! Here comes the photographer!"
C.P.A.
Sucker-stock corporation.
Pro-moter
The picture.
① No FICTITIOUS "APPRECIATION" OF ASSETS.
DR. N. G. PROMOTER FALSE TEETH FOR TOOTHLESS OLD NAGS A SPECIALTY
"Spavined, madame? Why, look at those teeth, he's just a prancing two-year-old!"
"They do look good. Well, I guess I might as well buy it—"
Unsound stock.
Widow
② No UNDERSTATEMENT OF OBSOLESCENCE, ETC.
"Okay, son, slip these pants on and I'll tell the world what a big man you are!"
Scrub corpor-ation.
Promo-ter
Deceptive audit report.
TRICK ASSETS
③ No TRICK BOOSTING OF SURPLUS.
Parent corporation.
"Why, Poppa!"
SUBSIDIARY CORPORATION MILKER
④ No MILKING OF SUBSIDIARY BY PARENT CORPORATION.

Stop Lying to Investors

By William G. Shepherd

"How many are two pigs and four dogs?" a school teacher once asked Clarence Darrow. "Why, they're two pigs and four dogs," answered the pupil. But certified public accountants, auditing the glowing figures of shaky corporations, have not been as careful as Darrow. "Sure," they report in connection with a company's figures, "two and four make six." But six of what? One figure may be a debt, instead of a credit; the other may be a loss instead of a gain. And the resulting "six" that may look so promising to even a careful investor may mean ruin for him. In this article a Federal prosecuting attorney who has sent many glamorous fake security dealers to penitentiaries tells how to enable certified public accountants to go beyond mere good arithmetic, and tell investors what the figures of an audit really mean



WHILE we're talking of new deals, another thing that can be fixed up good and tight, safe and sound, is this business of the reports and audits of certified public accountants covering companies in which we are asked to invest.

These gentlemen must tell us, in their reports of corporation operations, "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." With corporations as large as they are these days, citizens who desire to invest in them have only one source of information concerning corporation affairs and that is the certified accountants' reports. If these do not tell the truth, how can it be safe to invest?

They didn't all tell the truth during the boom. And this isn't just an unconstructive complaint. Says Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange:

"The *published* reports of our great companies are now the *only authoritative* information upon which investors can judge the success or failure of the companies in which they have put their money. Had investors known that, in some instances, a large part of profits was due to non-recurring and fortuitous circumstances and in others to the *use of accounting methods which resulted in an overstatement of income* . . . security prices might not have become so inflated."

I recently interviewed a Department of Justice prosecutor who has jailed many people for fooling the public with such inadequate reports. In the hurly-burly of working with Department of Justice agents, with post office inspectors, with cheated witnesses and with trial juries, this prosecutor has worked out, from many stories of real life, a simple system of truthful accounting methods.

A $20,000 Comedy

Here, for instance, in the celebrated Foshay case in Minneapolis, prosecuted by this Federal man, are examples of how the reports of certified public accountants fooled everyone. The reports showed that the company had a surplus of $365,000 when its books failed to show a debt of eight million dollars.

When Mr. Michael Conner, a leading plumber of Minneapolis, heard there was a chance to install a twenty-thousand-dollar bathroom in the new Foshay building, he looked into the rumor. It was all only too true, alas! Mr. Wilbur B. Foshay was planning to put a very fancy apartment for his own use on the 27th and 28th floors of the new thirty-two-story office building which he planned as an adornment for Minneapolis, but which has since become a pain in the neck to many citizens within its visible range of thirty miles.

Mr. Foshay, in the suite, was to have marble floors in the hallways, an art gallery, bronze lighting fixtures, a great high-ceilinged and paneled dining-room, exquisite brocade hangings at thirty-five dollars a yard in the various rooms and—he wanted a bathroom to match.

Mr. Conner, being a business man, took a very careful look at the entire situation before he went into it. He looked at the report of the company's financial situation prepared by a certified public accountant. His eyes glanced down at the lower right-hand corner of the report. Down there in every such report you'll always find an item marked "surplus account." Every business man knows its location.

The surplus account item looked good to Mr. Conner. Plenty of money there. So he took the job. To his credit be it said that Mr. Conner created an amazing bathroom. Every fitting, screw or faucet was gold-plated. The tub was a huge, shining, ebony black affair—almost a little pool. The tiling was varicolored in the liveliest possible taste and everything was of the best possible material.

One of Mr. Conner's plumbers, working on the glossy job, became very work-worn and soiled one hot autumn day. Whereupon he performed a simple act which, within a few months, set a great Federal courtroom to laughing and made his name—which happened to be Bert Tooker—famous in the city. On that hot day the begrimed plumber took off his clothes and enjoyed the luxury of a shower bath in that regal bathroom.

His fame grew because he became the first and the only person ever to use that bath. The Foshay concern went into the hands of receivers very shortly after this incident. It still owed Mr. Conner $17,500, but Mr. Conner, a firm believer in advertising, let it be known to all that his plumber Bert had enjoyed a $17,500 bath. That bath and the advertising it brought was about all the recompense that Mr. Conner could expect, during many years to come, if ever, for the fine bathroom he had made.

Fred Horowitz, a special assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States under Attorney-General Mitchell, in mail fraud cases, told me this story to illustrate how easy it is for citizens to be fooled by promoters who issue misleading statements prepared by certified accountants. "Figures can lie," said Horowitz, "but there's a way to make them tell the truth."

The Wildcatter's Formula

To understand Horowitz's new plan for honest auditing, it is first necessary to get his picture of how promoters work.

"These men all have one very simple little formula which they all follow," he said. "Insull followed it and so do all the others; little ones as well as big. It's a foolish formula, bound to end up in disaster if the promoter isn't lucky enough to die from natural causes before the final collapse. I've never known one of these promoters who did not finally go broke; they can't go any other way. You can roll a snowball up hill only so far and then it will get so big that it will roll back and crush you.

"This foolish formula which I have seen exposed in so many Federal courtrooms has been passed along down from employers through employees. It wasn't learned in any university or school, though it may perhaps have been taught in penitentiaries from cell to cell, in whispers.

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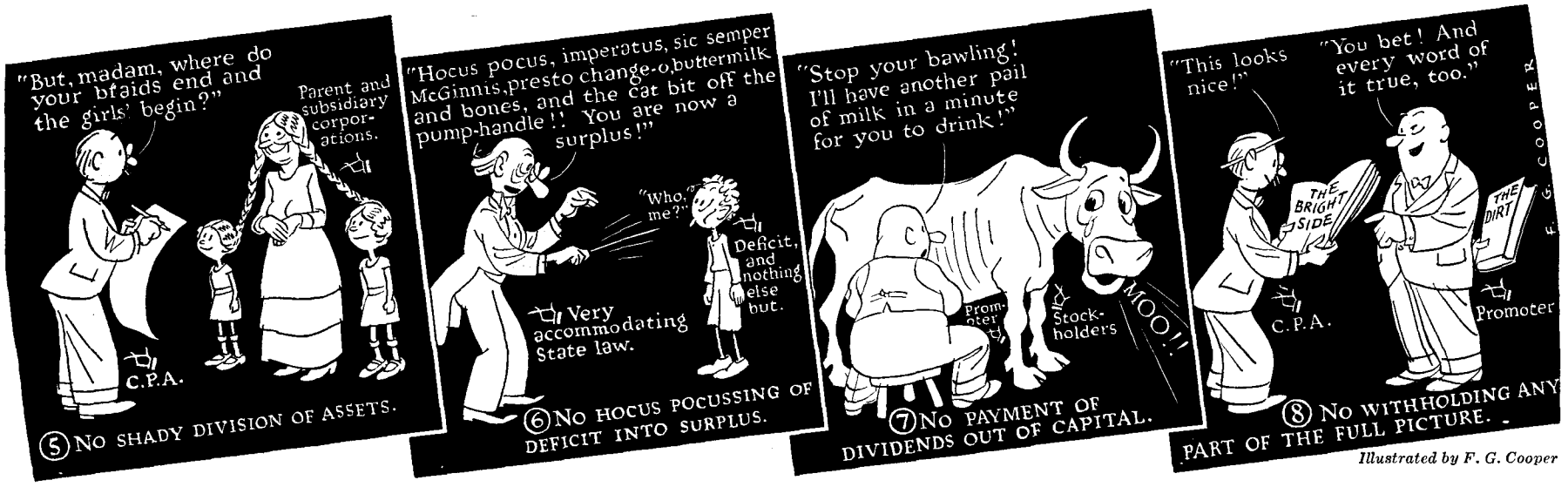
"But, madam, where do your braids end and the girls' begin?"
Parent and subsidiary corporations.
C.P.A.
⑤ No shady division of assets.
"Hocus pocus, imperatus, sic semper McGinnis, presto change-o, buttermilk and bones, and the cat bit off the pump-handle!! You are now a surplus!"
"Who, me?"
Deficit, and nothing else but.
Very accommodating State law.
⑥ No hocus pocussing of deficit into surplus.
"Stop your bawling! I'll have another pail of milk in a minute for you to drink!"
Promoter
Stockholders
MOO!!
⑦ No payment of dividends out of capital.
"This looks nice!"
"You bet! And every word of it true, too."
THE BRIGHT SIDE
THE DIRT
C.P.A.
Promoter
⑧ No withholding any part of the full picture.
F. G. COOPER

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

"The first item in the formula they followed was to appeal only to 'intelligent suckers.' I privately asked one of the promoting boys during a trial one time what he and his crowd meant by 'intelligent suckers.' The young man described an intelligent sucker something like this:

"'He's the careful man who figures out when he has a dollar saved that he wants to put this dollar to work; he treats it as if it were something alive. He doesn't want the dollar to be hurt or killed. He knows that if he hires it out as a stunt-flyer or a bridge-worker it may get high wages, but it may get its neck broken, as well. Being intelligent, he knows that a safe job will mean lower wages, but he's willing to take the lower wages.

"So you see," continued Mr. Horowitz, "the men of the Foshay type had to be pretty smart deliberately to seek out and defraud only the intelligent investors. They tried to deal only with Grade A investors. And they were dangerous because their formula of using the reports of certified accountants appealed to intelligent investors. They also compelled the confidence of such investors by paying dividends, usually monthly, whether the dividends were earned or not.

"For, as principle number one, the Foshay-type promoter was forced to pay dividends. As soon as he stops doing that, he's through. And he was forced practically to promise through the certified accountants' audit that he would always be prepared to pay dividends.

"Now the fact that such promoters were able to present such audits through certified public accountants does not necessarily make a villain out of the public accountant. There are villains among them, I suppose, but it's not accountants, generally, but the present system of auditing and reporting that is to blame.

The Affiliate-Company Trick

"Personally, I've arrived at the conclusion, from my criminal prosecution, that this can be changed without passing a single new law or appointing one single new public official.

"It's that simple little trick formula of the promoters, who have fooled some of the cleverest investors in America, that trips up the certified public accountant. I call it the trick of affiliate companies.

"That sounds very complicated, but it isn't. In great networks such as the Insull concerns I believe the great number of companies are formed in an attempt to befuddle the public.

"Now keep in mind that the promoter must always show a good surplus account so that he can sell stock and thereby get money into his treasury and I'll pull the little Foshay case apart for you.

"There were always three companies involved. The first was an outside company that had some public utility, a gas works or an electric light plant, which it could be persuaded to sell. It was an honest participant, outside of any skullduggery. It had something to sell, fixed its price and let it go at that.

"Now came Foshay. There would be two of him in what happened next, so let's call one Foshay number one, and the other Foshay number two, to keep them distinct in our minds, though they were one and the same man. Foshay number one would buy what the outside company had to sell. But would he pay immediately? Not at all. He would probably not have the money to pay. Where would he get the money?

A Hundred-Per-Cent Hike

"Here's where Foshay number two would enter the picture. In other words, the number one Foshay, having purchased the property, but not having paid for it, would go to the number two Foshay, and say:

"'Here's a fine property which I bought for, say, $100,000. Will you give me $200,000 for it?' Foshay number one had first found an honest company that thought its property worth only $100,000. And then, suddenly, by a stroke of luck, he stands before the mirror one day and sees therein a man who says:

"'Why, I'll give you $200,000 for that piece of property.'

"Does the Foshay number one argue with the number two Foshay? Not at all. That mirror through which the Foshays behold each other is not smashed in any fight over the doubled price.

"Suddenly, because the Foshay number two has publicly declared his willingness to pay $200,000 for the property and says he is buying it for that sum, it becomes a matter of public record that it is indeed worth that sum.

"Now, after these two deals, you might expect that some money would pass. But there's no money in sight, as yet. It's up to the second Foshay to give the first Foshay some money so that Foshay number one can pay one hundred thousand dollars to the honest company that sold him its property. But still no real money moves, for a while.

"Foshay number two doesn't pay the other Foshay in cash. Not a bit of it. What he does is to issue bonds and stocks; $200,000 worth of them.

"He turns the bonds over to the other man and says: 'Here, my boy! Here's the $200,000 for that property I purchased from you.'

"'What fine bonds!' says the receiving Foshay to the man in the mirror. 'I know they're good and sound; worth one hundred cents on the dollar. You wouldn't deceive me, in such a matter, I'm sure. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm so sure of their value that I'm going to take these good bonds of yours and sell them to the public—the whole $200,000 worth.

"'I'll take $100,000 of the money which the public turns in and give it to the company that sold me the property. And the other $100,000 will go into my company's treasury for expenses, dividends, and so forth. Fine business!'

"'And I am as happy as you are,' chimes in the second Foshay. 'I will list among my properties a new possession worth $200,000, for that's what I paid you for it, isn't it?'

"The next day, perhaps," continued the Federal man, "a certified public accountant will be called in. He looks over the books, as accountants do, sees the record, makes note of the fact that the company has paid $200,000 for a new electric light plant in some town, and sets this fact down in his report. The truth of the matter is that the plant is worth only $100,000, but the certified accountant has no way of knowing that his figures are telling a lie. He signs a report to the effect that the company is now $200,000 richer in property. And the public believes the report, of course, and increases its investment accordingly in the company's stock or bonds, which the first Foshay is now selling.

"Now every time that Foshay number one could buy any public utility property of any sort, the other Foshay would help him to increase its value. That meant, of course, that the first half of the 'partnership' was always hunting for buyable properties. The trial developed that Wilbur Foshay would buy almost anything in the way of public utilities, because it was easy to inflate such values. Here was the simple play over and over again, like teamwork in a football game:

"One man buying. Same man acting in another company increasing the value. Certified public accountant okaying the increase. And the public reading the accountant's report and believing it. That's all there was to the whole game. That's all there was to any of the public utility spiderweb structures that have gone smash.

Gearing Up the Expense

"But if the certified public accountants could have told the truth in their reports the Foshays and the Insulls and the rest of the dream builders could never have fooled the public."

After a certified public accountant's report has been prepared on any deal of "one-man buying, same man doubling" and stocks and bonds have been sold to the public on that basis, the incoming money, beyond what was paid out in dividends, could be spent by individuals of the company almost as if it were their own.

"They can gear up office expenses and salaries to a very high point for themselves," continued Mr. Horowitz. "We figured out that it cost Foshay forty-six cents to send out a letter. His companies sent out monthly dividends to over 11,000 individuals. The receivers of these dividends thought, of course, that these dividends were being paid out of earnings of the little telephone line, the small-town water plants and other companies which Foshay had desperately bought, hit or miss, when in fact they were coming out of investors' money."

The huge building Foshay erected was a vanity. He took out a patent on the design. The dedication was held August 30, 1929. No one could have foreseen that, on the coming November 1, a receivership would disclose that the great Foshay business structure would turn out to be only a spiderweb.

He had a member of President Hoover's Cabinet as a guest speaker at the dedication. This was the late James W. Good, Secretary of War. George W. Akerson, personal secretary to President Hoover, also attended the ceremonies. Foshay gave away gold watches to famous guests on that occasion. No wonder Minneapolis trusted Foshay!

The ceremony cost the company $144,000 of other people's money.

Foshay spent $150,000 for a marble entryway. He didn't like a wall which he could see from his windows, so he spent $80,000 to cover it with cut stone. The record showed that he had paid $7,500 for a bronze figure of a dancing faun, for a courtyard of the building.

Don't Blame the Accountant

With all of this expenditure this building sold for $103,000 in back taxes the other day. Foshay was found guilty of using the mails to defraud and has appealed. His sentence was fifteen years in Leavenworth.

Please note that this public prosecutor does not put all the blame for the breakdown in certain public utility concerns of the Foshay type on the certified accountant alone.

"From time to time," said Mr. Horowitz, "as the surplus account would dwindle it would be inflated by fancy items. Properties already inflated would be further inflated by having them reappraised by friendly and well-paid experts. When the properties could no longer be inflated in that fashion such items as going-concern value and franchise rights would be included in the assets. Properties and equipment which had been junked would be

(Continued on page 28)

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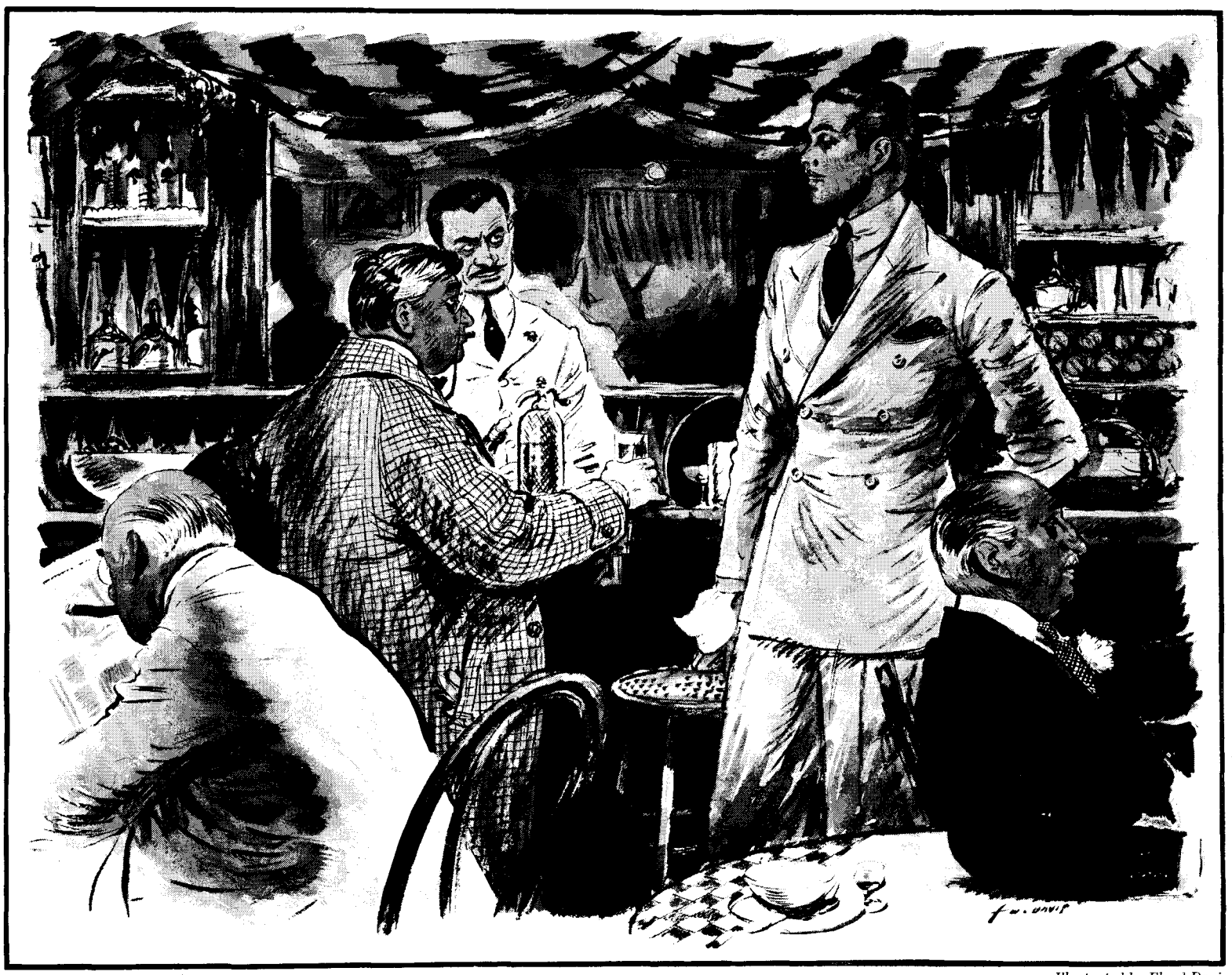

Illustrated by Floyd Davis

"How would you like to make a hundred dollars and have a lot of fun at the same time?"

Wow of the Week

By Everett Rhodes Castle

A Mike Calhoun production. Everybody thought it was side-splitting. But it turned out to be heartbreaking—for just a few minutes

TO UNDERSTAND why Mike Calhoun's latest stunt isn't being mentioned in machinery circles—at least by the gentleman himself—it is necessary to know and appreciate Mike Calhoun. Because if there ever was a card, an original, a master salesman with the uncanny ability to individualize the product he was selling through the instrumentality of his own amusing eccentricities, it was the sales manager of The Morton Machinery Company.

The stories about Mike were legion in the industry. There was the party given by a group of automobile manufacturers during the Automobile Show in 1927. Mike arrived pushing a peanut vendor's cart which he had purchased from a chilled and disappointed proprietor in 34th Street. The hotel people had objected to the progress of the cart across their lobby, but not to the extent of ejecting a customer whose signature on luncheon, dinner and supper checks averaged three figures a month. And though the representatives of a half dozen other machinery companies were present at the hilarious festivities, their names and connections were lost in the drab of conventional good fellowship.

And then there was the time a hundred-thousand-dollar order for heavy machinery came out of the laugh Mike furnished the guests of P. H. Hickman, president of The Hickman Steel Products Company, at his summer place in Vermont.

Mike garaged his own multi-cylinder roadster in a town twelve miles from the majestic Hickman camp and arrived in state in a 1911 phaëton whose ancient cough propelled the bare ribs of the top through the dust kicked up by the tireless wheels. The man in the junk yard, who gained forty dollars by the transaction, thought the chubby gent in the white linen suit was just a plain nut, little realizing that he was furnishing the props for an exploit that would be retailed through the trade for months to come, always prefaced by the question, "Say, did you hear the latest Mike Calhoun of Morton Machinery pulled off?"

BY THE same token nobody in the industry ever thought of coming to New York without dropping in on Mike, with the secret hope that they might be personally present at some new exploit of the prize package of the machinery business. Like the one Mike pulled for Norton Carew of The Allied Screw Corporation. Nort sprained his ankle getting out of the hotel elevator just as he and Mike were on their way to a night club that Nort was particularly anxious to visit.

The industry certainly chuckled over that one. Mike took Nort back to his room and called the house physician. Then, telling Nort that he would be back in an hour or two, he departed. At two o'clock in the morning he returned, accompanied by a four-piece orchestra, a crooner, a Russian dancer and a heavy female singer of tender ballads. And did they put on some show for the invalid, with Mike acting as master of ceremonies! You should get Nort to tell you the story sometime. But not if you have a cracked lip. Anyway, the cello player fell into the bathtub and was very nearly drowned.

Unfortunately, the penalty of leadership is no empty advertising phrase. It is grim reality. Creating bigger and better screams, being a larger and greater hot sketch, month after month and year after year; responding at a moment's notice to the urgent wires of customers whose house parties are in danger of going flat, all take their toll of a man's wits and make it increasingly difficult to sustain a reputation for sure-fire hot stuff of the totally unexpected variety.

And it was of these things that Mike was thinking as he leaned against the ornate bar of a 53d Street speakeasy late one afternoon in the early fall and stared at a telegram which had arrived as he was leaving the office for the Lomas Club, where he made his home:

CAN YOU SPEND WEEKEND WITH US STOP BILLY AND RUTH LANE STOP TOM HURLEY AND HIS WIFE STOP MARGARET AND CLAUDIA ABSOLUTELY INSIST YOU COME STOP PERLMAN CHICAGO STEEL ALSO MAY COME STOP S O S BURT

MIKE frowned at the yellow slip of paper as he sipped his highball. Not because an invitation to spend a weekend at the country place of Bertram Snell of The Columbia Corporation was anything for the sales manager of a machinery company to frown at (any one of a dozen of them would have wired an instant acceptance) but because it meant that he was being challenged to produce another Calhoun epic.

More than that, it meant that the very young and very beautiful Claudia Snell would probably have the usual collection of very young and very good-looking men dropping in. Not that Mike was in love with the girl, but nothing so gets under the skin of a bachelor of forty, who feels as young as he ever felt,

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as the point of view that all men past the age of twenty-five are practically patriarchs.

He crushed the paper into a yellow ball and thrust it into the side pocket of his tweed topcoat.

"Why is it," he demanded of the bartender, "that a guy can't have a peaceful week-end? Don't people ever get tired of laughing?"

The bartender grinned.

"A-search me, Mr. Calhoun," he submitted. "Maybe they like to laugh, hey? You always make them laugh, eh, Mr. Calhoun?"

Mike ordered another highball.

"Boloney," he retorted amiably. "How's business, Tony?"

The little man behind the bar grinned.

"Fine!" he pronounced.

"That's good," Mike said. "Pass me that bowl of potato chips."

In the midst of his salty snack, Mike's eyes took in the other customer at the bar for the first time—a tall young man with curly blond hair whose hazel eyes studied the tall glass he was holding in one lean brown hand. He wore a gray flannel double-breasted suit, a blue shirt whose soft collar and dark blue tie were held in place by the kind of a collar pin that always seemed to strangle Mike.

Mike knew the type. A speakeasy gigolo who made one highball last for two hours. He sluiced a mouthful of potato chips with a generous pull from his glass and winked knowingly at Tony.

"Who's the pretty boy?" he whispered across the bar. "He looks like a cousin of the Prince of Wales."

Tony shrugged his shoulders.

Mike finished his drink and ordered another. But the inspiration he sought in its golden depths failed to materialize.

"Damn Burt," he grunted. "Does he think I put on a Follies on a half hour's notice? Clever of him to bait his trap with Perlman. He knows I've been trying to get to that bird for two years."

The speakeasy gigolo finished his drink and wiped a flaxen mustache with a handkerchief taken from his cuff. Mike almost howled in his face.

"Another?"

The young man looked at Tony and smiled pleasantly.

"Thank you, no," he said.

MIKE almost passed out. He admitted as much the few times he has told the story. Burt Snell always made a point of mentioning the English accent of Mike's speakeasy gigolo as really the inspiration of Mike's craziest exploit, in telling the story months afterwards.

At any rate, the young man, about to turn away from the bar, swung sharply about as the round, red-faced man in the rakish overcoat addressed him.

"I beg your pardon."

"I said, how would you like to make a hundred dollars and have a lot of fun at the same time?"

"I—I don't understand."

Mike laughed good-naturedly. The boy was good. Almost as good as the idea. And the idea was a wham! He dug his glass into the boy's flannel ribs.

"Oh, quite," he said merrily. "Oh, positively quite and all that, eh, old bean? Ha! Ha! How's that for the old Half Moon Street lingo? How's the prince these days? Ha! Ha! Come over and we'll sit down and talk it over. A hundred dollars and a lot of fun. That's what I said. It was percolating around in the old bean when I saw you take that handkerchief out of your cuff. It hit me like a ton of bricks when I heard you put the Mayfair on Tony. Sit down and we'll have a drink. I suppose you always have Scotch and soda, eh? Ha! Ha! What were you? In the movies or something?"

The young man sat down gingerly. He refused the proffered drink and Mike rather gathered that his new acquaintance repressed a shudder in doing so. It made Mike mad. He always said so afterwards.

"Now, see here," he came out flatly, "don't pull any of that la-de-da stuff on me. This is a business proposition. You got something I want for something I want to pull and I'm willing to pay you for it. Is that clear?

"Not in the slightest," his listener told him evenly. "Sorry."

"Foggiest," Mike corrected him, at the same time reaching for his drink. "You want to stay in character. Well, here's the story in one-syllable words: My name is Calhoun. Mike Calhoun. I'm the sales manager of The Morton Machinery Company. So far so good?"

"My—my name is Storme," the young man told him hesitatingly. "And —er-r-r—so far so good."

MIKE nodded. "Pleased to meet you, Storme," he said. "Now here is the rest of it. I got a reputation for pulling crazy stunts. When I go anywhere people expect me to give them a laugh. That's good business because most of the people I deal with are good scouts. They like a good time and a good laugh. It's good business because it identifies both me and my firm, if you get the idea."

Storme lit a cigarette. "Carry on," he suggested smilingly.

His erstwhile host nodded approvingly. "That's better," he chuckled. "You sounded like the pure quill when you said that. Now here's the rest of the idea. It all came to me as I watched you finishing your drink. A good customer of mine is having a little party over the week-end. A lot of people in the business are going to be there, including a man I've wanted to get acquainted with for a long time. Now this customer has just wired me that he wants me to join the party. That means he expects me to put some life into the gathering. Some sort of stunt. In other words, be the clown."

"But—"

"Wait a minute, Storme. It came to me in a flash when you took that handkerchief out of your cuff. They'll be expecting me to arrive in anything from a motor boat to a baby carriage. Now what I want to do is to appear to double-cross them by bringing you down with me—as a member of the British nobility. Get the idea?"

The speakeasy gigolo ground his cigarette into the ash tray before him. "You mean you want me—a stranger you met in a—a—er-r—speakeasy to impersonate a—"

"Keep your shirt on," Mike advised him calmly. "You won't be an impostor for long. Just until Sunday night, say. We'll let them fuss over you through Saturday and Sunday. My friend has a wife and daughter that'll go for the nobility in a big way. And the daughter especially needs a little lesson about men. Then Sunday night we'll just tell them that you are a guy I met in a speakeasy for the first time on Friday and you can beat it—with a hundred dollars in your pocket and two days of good living under your belt. What do you say? Don't stare at me as if I was one of the seven wonders of the world. This is a business proposition pure and simple. My friend may even like you and give you a job so—so you won't have to hang around speakeasies making one drink last all day. Well?"

STORME'S brown face lost its bewilderment in a sudden grin.

"You mean," he asked, "that men actually do hang around these places—"

"Don't pull that stuff on me," Mike interrupted him coldly. "I've seen too many speakeasy gigolos in my day. And no offense, Storme. Everybody is entitled to his own racket as far as I am concerned. I'm open-minded. Only every time I see one of you pretty boys with some fat old fool of a woman I think you are working harder for your money than I am—and the machinery business is no bed of roses in this year of grace. Another of the same, Tony."

"Speakeasy gigolo," murmured the pretty boy reflectively and then blew a cloud of cigarette smoke over the words. "But how do you know that I am—I mean, my being a stranger and all that, mightn't I be a—a crook? You know? Take advantage of your little joke to steal the family jewels? That sort of thing?"

Mike chided him over the top of his glass. "You know you boys don't go in for that, Storme. And as for you being a stranger, that's what makes the stunt so good. If I took somebody out to Burt's that I knew, it wouldn't be half as good as picking a perfect stranger off a speakeasy bar. Now will you play ball with me?"

Pretty boy studied the cigarette between his brown fingers. Then he studied the brown eyes of the moon-faced man across the little table. Then, though he smiled, he shook his head.

"Sorry," he said.

"What's the matter? Not enough money?"

THE pretty boy smiled again but offered no further explanation.

Mike sighed. A wow of an idea that died in the nest, so to speak.

"You won't think it over, eh? Snell isn't a bad scout and his daughter Claudia's—"

"What did you say the name was?"

There was something in the way the pretty boy asked the question that made Mike look up sharply.

"Know them?" he asked.

The gigolo shook his head.

"Not exactly," he explained. "A week or so ago I was in a hotel restaurant with a—a friend. A girl and her mother came into the room. They didn't see us but we—er-r—saw them. My friend knew who they were. He told me their names. The—the girl was very good-looking."

"Claudia's a beautiful kid," Mike agreed thoughtfully. "But she needs a lesson. That was why I was so keen for the idea. Maybe it would have taught her that it takes more to make a man than a smooth head of hair and a swell pair of dancing legs."

"That's a hobby—almost a passion

(Continued on page 34)

"That was just the right answer," she told him. "You are awful nice even though you are a marquis"

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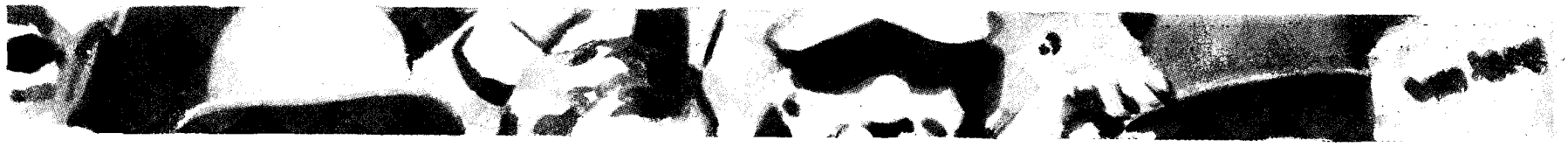

Legs Last just so Long

"Laughing at Cobb," he whispered, half to himself. "Why, Joe, if they ever did that to

The story of a big-leaguer who had everything—but the knowledge that comes with the years

HERE'S the letter, Joe," Saunders says.

I looked at it. On the envelope it said: "To Joe Herzog, Manager, Toledo Ball Team." My hand was shaking and I felt as though someone was pressing a piece of ice on my neck. Slowly I tore the envelope and took out what was in there. It was only a small clipping from a newspaper and I noticed it was dated two days before.

I looked around the dingy, bare room and somehow, as I looked, the walls seemed to fade away. Somehow I could smell arnica, oil of wintergreen, worn leather, and those other smells you get in the dressing-room of a baseball club after a game is over.

"What about it, Joe?" the detective asked, but I hardly heard him, because the years were roaring in my ears. The years were rolling back and back. . . .

I had pitched the day before and now I am sitting in the dugout alongside of Casey Stengel, who is managing the club then. You only had to take one look at Casey's map to know how the ball game is going. Jim Horten is doing the tossing for Buffalo and today he has everything.

Baker comes back after swinging at three bad ones.

"That Horten ain't got a thing," he snarls to Casey.

"Matty never had much neither," Casey barks at him.

Donovan picked up three clubs. "I'll knock his ears off," Donovan growls, walking to the plate. All he knocks is three big holes in the air. Horten is curving that ball around our batters' necks.

It is the fifth inning and Buffalo is leading, three runs to zero. We ain't made a hit off Horten yet. Petey Simon is on second. He had walked and then stole.

Thompson is up next. "What'll I do, Casey?" he asks.

"Take two and hit to right," Stengel tells him. He takes two all right. Thompson is as jittery as a tree full of elephants. Horten tossed one that almost breaks in Thompson's teeth and Tommy swings at it. Dunn is umpiring. "You're out!" he yells, jerking up his right thumb.

"BACK to Waco, sucker," Horten laughed, dropping his glove and walking off the mound. It was like this the rest of the game. Our boys couldn't of hit Horten on the head with a banjo. He winds up throwing a two-hit game and Stengel is throwing fits. He's a tough loser, that Stengel.

I and he talk the game over in the locker-room afterwards. We got a nice club except for one thing: we ain't got one good hitter on it. We got great pitchers of whom I am one, and we got a great fielding club, but what we need is a guy who can slam out a triple in the clutch. Gorman, who owned the club, comes in.

"Our boys wasn't doing much hitting today, Casey," he said mild-like.

"Even I knew that and I'm only the manager," Casey answered, still sore. "They ain't done much hitting all season and if it hadn't been for Joe Herzog here we'd be out of the race long ago."

I agreed, blushing modestly. I'm still a good pitcher. I've had ten years with the A's and now I'm having my second season with Toledo. I know I can't go on forever but I m pitching with the old noodle these days and them batters ain't wise yet that my arm is beginning to go. It's only July 1st and I've won twelve ball games already.

"We got to get one good hitter, Casey," Gorman says.

"Well, go out and buy one," Stengel yells at him.

"That's just what I've done, Casey," Gorman said softly. "I bought a fellow named Mike Hudson from Greenville in the Sally League. He is batting .489 up to now and they say he can field all right."

"That's a big jump from there to here, Mr. Gorman," Casey reminded him.

"Well, I've bought him, Casey. He ought to report today. Stick him in there. He plays shortstop."

Gorman went out and Casey and I talk about the prospects. We ain't very happy about it and neither of us has any faith in this new man. We finished dressing and I am bending over to tie my shoe lace when I hear a voice.

"I'm Hudson," the voice says. "Mr. Gorman tells me I should report to Mr. Stengel. Is either one of you him?"

I straightened up and get a load of the big goof. My goodness, but he is very big, indeed—and clumsy-looking! He looks like he just climbed out of a tree. He would never win no beauty contest—but then neither would Hans Wagner. I looked at the big clover-kicker and figured immediately that he was too clumsy to ever hit curve-ball pitching. Was I wrong? You tell me.

"Gorman is after telling me about you," Casey says, kind of annoyed at having this rookie dumped in his lap. "What can you do?"

"I can hit," the big guy says.

"So can Jack Dempsey, but I don't want him on my ball club," Casey tells him. "How good are you?"

"I can hit," Hudson says doggedly. "I can go after ground balls too. Listen to what the sports editor of the Greenville Gazette says about me."

HE DUG into his pocket and came up with a clipping, cleared his throat, and read: " 'Hudson is the greatest natural ball player to come up to the Sally League in years. Yesterday, against Macon, he did everything but steal first base. He blasted two home runs, hit one triple, stole two bases, handled ten ground balls perfectly and in the sixth went all the way to the left-field boxes in back of third base for Crandall's foul.' "

Casey cut him off. "Listen, sweetheart. From now on don't go around reading newspapers. It's bad for the batting eye. Joe, take him to the hotel and fix him up. We'll stick him in there tomorrow and see what he's got."

The big guy looked uncertainly at us both. Suddenly, and I don't know why, I felt awful sorry for the kid. I was once a busher myself. I slap him on the shoulder. "Come on, big boy, I'll show you the way around."

I took the kid to the hotel and on the way he tells me something of his history: He has never played in organized ball before. He learned to play on the sand lots around Houston, Texas, and he says some scout seen him play and sent him to Greenville.

The boys are sitting around the lobby, resting their dogs and waiting to put the feed bag on. I introduce him around. They take one look at his badger hair

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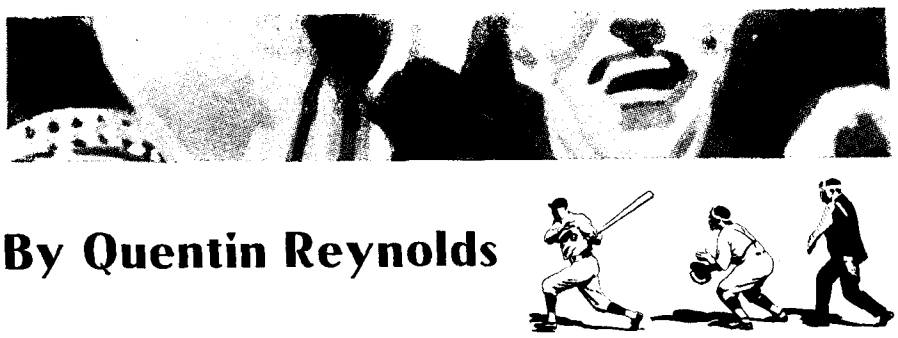

By Quentin Reynolds

Illustrated by Donald Teague

me my heart would stop"

cut and that mail-order You-Can-Be-Nifty-for-$13.50 suit he's wearing and the heat is on.

Petey Simon, who is the jockey of our outfit, goes up and solemnly starts to brush the kid's coat off.

"What's the matter?" Hudson asks.

"I'm just brushing the hay off you, big boy," Petey cracks.

Everybody laughed and Hudson looked puzzled. "That's funny, I ain't been near the farm for four weeks. I don't see why there should be any hay on me."

That silenced the kidders. They looked at him again. What is he, a wise guy or is he so dumb he don't know when he's being slipped the needle? I decide he's just dumb.

"Come on, big boy," I say. "I got two beds in my room—you can park with me."

The next day we fit a uniform on him, and in practice before the game Casey stuck him in Petey's position in the short field. Casey snapped a few hard-hit balls at the kid. Somehow he didn't look so clumsy in uniform. He gobbled them balls up nicely and then takes his turn at the plate. I am tossing them up and I send him a hook. He swings and the ball goes over the right-field fence. Then I throw him a fast one and this time the ball lands far out in left field. He's got a nice, easy swing.

I came to the bench. "Maybe with a couple of years' experience the big boy might do," Stengel says.

"Casey," I tell him, "hold your breath. I got a funny hunch."

"If it can hit I'll sign it up immediately," Stengel says.

Big Dave Sentner is working against us that day. He is strictly a fast-ball pitcher and when he's right you can't touch him with a flagpole. He's right today. Hudson is batting in Petey's spot, down in sixth place, and he don't get up until the last half of the second. So far Sentner has done nothing but whiff three of our men and force two others to pop up.

"What'll I do, Mr. Stengel?" Hudson asks, picking up a war club.

"Hit one over the right-field wall," Stengel barks sarcastically.

The kid walks up to the plate. Sentner shoots a fast one. Bang! The ball sails up and away. It drops over the right-field wall, and Hudson tears around them bags like he is trying to beat out a bunt. There is a shriek from the crowd, which has almost forgotten what a home run looks like.

THE boys greet Hudson as he crosses the plate. They greet him with the cracks that ball players make in every league to one of their mates who has just hit for four.

"Nice going, sweetheart." . . . "That was a well-hit ball, baby." . . . "That Sentner is your cousin from now on, big boy."

The kid is pleased, of course, and he looks out of the corner of his eye at Casey. "You hit that ball nice, big boy," Stengel says, and you'd think the President had just give the kid the Congressional Medal.

"I told you I could hit," Hudson says. My hunch was working overtime now. Honest, I felt queer, it was so strong.

The next inning, when we are in the field, Hudson did something I never see anyone but Frankie Frisch do. They have a man on first and Bartos is up. He slams one just inside of second. That ball has "base hit" written all over it. It is one of them sizzling daisy-cutters that is traveling fast just three feet off the ground. Hudson at short is about twenty feet away, out of position. He just starts gliding over at the crack of the bat and then hurls himself. He slides ten feet on the ground and the ball kisses his glove and stays there. There he is, lying on the ground out of position and a cloud of dust in his eyes. Lying there, he whips the ball to Clancy at first for a double play.

Casey turns white. "Am I screwy?" he says. "Is that Hans Wagner out there or is it a kid rookie named Hudson?"

"It's a great ball player named Hudson," I say calmly. "I told you I had a hunch."

WELL, we wound up winning that ball game five to nothing. Hudson had had a perfect day. He hit four for four, stole two bases and did everything in the field but make the ball jump up and sing On the Road to Mandalay.

I am as pleased as if it was my boy that did all this. It was like walking across a cow pasture and finding a diamond.

After the game the newspaper boys crowded into the dressing-room to find out all about the kid. They ask him where he comes from.

"I'm a farmer boy from Texas," he says. "I and my old man got a farm down there. My goodness, I even had hay on my clothes when I come here yesterday. If Petey Simon hadn't of brushed it off I guess everybody would of laughed at me."

"Listen, big boy," one of the scribes says, "you got a nice stance at the plate. Who showed you that?"

Hudson hesitated. "Maybe you gentlemen won't believe it, but Mr. Cobb taught me to bat."

"Ty Cobb?" one of the writers screamed, seeing a lovely story.

"Yes," Hudson goes on. "When I am a kid, I mean about five years ago, I am playing ball for Plainville. It is just a town team and it ain't much of a team," he adds apologetically. "The Detroits is training in Texas that year and they have a Ty Cobb Day in Houston. Part of the celebration is a ball game between our team and the Houston team. They get Mr. Cobb to umpire and he goes behind the catcher. The first time I get up I strike out and Mr. Cobb says to me, 'Sonny, your left foot is too far away from the plate. Also you are turned around too far to get your shoulder into the swing. Face the pitcher a bit more.'

"Well,"—Hudson looked at the sport writers as though he was afraid they would laugh at him—"the next time up I do like Mr. Cobb says and hit the ball for three bases. Ever since I have got up like Mr. Cobb told me to."

Well, you can imagine what the paper boys done with that. The next day there were headlines in the Toledo papers, "Ty Cobb's Protégé Makes Good with Mudhens." It was marvelous stuff and did it bring the crowds out!

There's no use telling about the rest of the season. Everyone knows how Hudson made good. Pitchers could never get him out, and him and the ball stuck together in the field like ham and eggs.

The better I got to know the kid the more I liked him. I taught him a few things—but he didn't have much to learn. He was that rarity—a ball player who did the right thing instinctively. And he had only one interest in life—baseball. I mean everything outside of baseball was just ping-pong to him.

Once I asked him what he figured on doing when he was all washed up as a ball player. That puzzled him. He'd never thought of it before. His life began and ended with baseball. "I'll always play ball," he said grimly.

"Tell that to your legs and your right arm ten years from now," I answered a bit bitterly, "and see what the answer is."

IT TOOK Hudson a long while to smarten up. Those first few weeks with us he was knocking every fence in the circuit down with them screaming line drives but he was too dumb not to be a sucker with the boys. They guyed him without mercy, and he never knew they were doing it. He seemed to like everybody; but he had one god—Cobb. Every night he grabbed the papers to see what kind of a day Cobb had had. This was some years ago, remember, and Cobb was just finishing his career. Hudson would ask me about Cobb almost every day. When I was with the A's I often had to pitch against Cobb and I never had much luck with him—as what pitcher ever did?

I remember when Cobb would come to the bat he'd sneer at me and say, "Toss that ball, cousin, and then duck." I could never get that guy out. Oh, but he had it—he had everything!

But this is the big boy's story—not mine. He winds up the season batting .456 and leading the league in everything but beauty treatments. It was a cinch that he would go up and when the major-league clubs got through bidding, Gorman sold him to the Giants for fifty thousand dollars and two outfielders.

I couldn't help but be tickled when I heard about it. I looked on the big boy as my find and I knew he had what it takes. He made good with McGraw next year with a bang. All pitching looked alike to him and he knew his way around that short field. He wrote to me—from San Antonio when they're training down there, from New York when the season started, and then from places around the circuit. His letters were just full of baseball—he didn't know or care for anything else.

"I got four for five off of Vance yesterday," he writes to me. "I should of had that fifth hit but Zach Wheat makes one of them circus catches and robs me out of a sure triple. Vance can sure burn that apple across the pan, but you know, Joe, fast-ball pitching is always duck soup for me. Mr. McGraw is a great guy to work for. He asks me where I got that batting stance of mine. I told him that Mr. Cobb showed me how to get up there and Mr. McGraw says, 'Say, if that stance is good enough for Cobb I guess it is good enough for you.' Well, good luck, old-timer."

His letters were always like that. Now and then I'd hear from him toward the end of a season. He always spent the winter hunting up in Canada with Herb Pennock, Burleigh Grimes and a couple others. One season followed another and the big boy loomed larger and larger on the baseball horizon. By 1926 he is leading the National League and he hits the peak when Connie Mack picks one of them All-Time All-Star teams and ranks Hudson a close second to Wagner as a shortstop.

MEANWHILE I finish pitching and am scouting for the Yanks. One day I was in New York and went up to the Stadium to see the Yanks play the Detroits. The Giants had an off day and they all take the usual busman's holiday and come over to the house that Ruth is building. I met the big boy for the first time since he went up. He looked exactly the same. He was a bit leaner and smarted up a little, but he was still a big boy from the country.

He was tickled seeing me too. We sat in a right-field box, so he can watch Cobb, who is having his last good year. Cobb has been around a long time and it makes me feel old to watch him out there. I remember all them times he used to blast my fast one all over the lot and straighten out my hook.

(Continued on page 42)

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

The Story Thus Far:

TO FANNY FURNESS, Madge Rountree, Mack Wise, and Chris Thring (four close friends just leaving Stanford University) New York City stands as a challenge; a challenge to come and take the glorious rewards it offers to the strong. Of sturdy Western forbears, they are courageous, self-reliant, capable. But should they go to the big city—*dare* they go, with their extremely limited means? They answer the question boldly.

And they go to New York. Mack, a talented pianist, a clever speaker, feels sure he can make a name for himself in radio broadcasting. Chris, who has worked his way bravely through law school, looks forward to a legal career. Madge (whose mother has promised to finance her modestly for a few months) plans to become an actress—perhaps manipulate puppets, with which she is familiar. Fanny, who is comparatively wealthy (she has more than two hundred dollars) is prepared to tackle any job; she *knows* she can find one.

Confident of themselves, eager for the great adventure before them, they reach New York, take a taxicab, direct the driver to take them to "Mrs. Smith's boarding house," recommended to Fanny by a friend as safe and inexpensive. Exciting moments follow—at last Manhattan's far-famed wonders lie before them: stately Fifth Avenue, glittering Broadway, scores of well publicized spots which thrill and delight them. Then—

The taxi stops. Mrs. Smith's boarding house has disappeared. Where it once stood is a yawning excavation. And they have no other addresses which they can try!

What to do? A serious question, that, for four young people without friends, with limited funds, in a vast maelstrom like New York. They answer it sensibly by taking two rooms at a cheap hotel, where, having made their plans for the job-getting campaign before them, they retire. . . . In the morning comes a shock. During the night, someone had climbed in the girls' window, taken two hundred dollars from Fanny's bag! For the first time, the blithe adventurers—so confident of their ability to handle any situation—feel a twinge of apprehension. Fanny has twelve dollars left. Mack has sixteen. Chris has twenty-eight. And Madge has less than four!

"Not what you'd call a fortune," says Fanny. "What a break!" She smiles bravely. Then—"Money or no money, *we're going to beat this town!*"

Courageous words, those. But even as she utters them, Fanny has her forebodings. She wonders, secretly, what the future holds for them. For through her thoughts drifts the maddening refrain: "*Madge is in love with Mack, and Mack with me, and Chris with Madge, and I with Chris.* What, oh what, can be done about it? How can we *ever* be happy?"

III

ALL I can say is, that as I go to work Monday, you might as well let me treat you to a twenty-five-cent show tonight!" Fanny said. She patted her mouth with the back of her hand as one who yawns.

The other three looked at her in stupefaction.

"Fanny, you haven't a job?"

"I have a very good job, as it happens. Not," admitted Fanny, "highly lucrative; but I can live on it until better offers. While Chris was seeing Overman—"

"He's in Europe," Chris put in briefly.

"And Mack was seeing the I. B. C. people—"

"Who have nothing!" Mack interpolated in his turn, bitterly. "This is a swell town, if you like to eat," he said.

"And while Madge was trying to get in touch with Mr. Sarg," Fanny resumed patiently.

"He's away over the week-end," Madge contributed.

"Well, I got a job!" Fanny finished brilliantly.

"What doing?"

"I'm sorter, in the Emanuel Salvage Shop," Fanny said.

"What on earth is that?"

"Rich people send in their expensive clothes, and I hang them on hangers or air them or have them cleaned, as the case may be, and then poor people come in and buy them. I want to tell you that this is a wonderful city," Fanny said enthusiastically. "Every *minute* you come across something extraordinary! The subways—were you all down in them?"

"I was afraid," Madge confessed.

"They're marvelous, all right," Chris conceded, "but they—they overpower me. They're—horrible, in a way. All those people jammed in—the air and the noise and the rush of them. I got into a downtown express—"

"But you and I were part of 'all the people,'" Fanny reminded him hearteningly. "And I loved it! I went in the subway to this place—the salvage shop; it's two tremendous lofts. They call these big, empty floors lofts. It was really cool in there. And a nice old Mrs. Behrmann showed me the ropes.

"But let me tell you how it all happened," she went on, as the others watched her in expectant silence. "I was—sort of in despair this morning; I mean when our money was stolen and all that, and I thought I'd have to borrow from you all—"

"I thought we said it wouldn't be called that," Chris put in mildly. Fanny gave him one look—a look that might have said something to him if he had not been looking at Madge.

"WELL, anyway," Fanny resumed, "in that magazine that was in our room at Mrs. Brown's, while we were having our baths and getting settled and everything this morning, I read this article about Dr. Kreutzmann having adopted about a thousand babies, or found places where they could be adopted—"

"You naturally went to him, and suggested that he adopt you, Fanny!" Mack said.

"Just about. I went to his office, and it seemed you had to have an appointment. So I asked the nurse how you made these appointments, and she said—she was a darling—by telephone, mostly. So I looked at her desk telephone and asked her if I could use it, and she laughed and said, 'I'll fix it.' And immediately she got up and went into the inside office, and when she came out she said I could go in."

"You told him you were going to have a baby?"

"I did not. I told him the truth, and I said I *was* an orphan, and asked him what he'd do in my place."

Chris was quietly radiant; life had taken on form and purpose again because Madge was here

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"And what did he say?" Chris asked.

"He opened his purse and took out two fifty-dollar bills," Fanny said, flushing, trying to smile, tears in her eyes.

"He didn't."

"He did. And he said to report to his secretary every month until I got work."

"I don't believe it!" Mack exclaimed.

"It's true. And that—" Fanny said softly, looking away across Bryant Park, where they were all seated in the warm summer darkness, "maybe that's New York, too. Of course I wouldn't take money," she went on. "I don't know why you can't, for you take their time and their advice, which is worth ten times more, but anyway, I couldn't take his money. So then he asked me if I could live on ten dollars a week, and I said 'yes.'"

"But you can't!" Madge exclaimed, in dismay.

"You watch me! And he telephoned," Fanny finished her story, "and I went downtown in the subway, and talked to Mrs. Behrmann, and I start to work Monday."

"But, Fanny, we're paying eleven dollars a week apiece at Mrs. Brown's!"

"I know we are, and that's why I can't stay there."

"I'm afraid I'm not going to like it," Madge said, looking about at the great mass of the city, bulked against the stars. "It frightens me—it really does. We—you and I can get along, Fan, of course. But suppose you get sick, or when my year is up I go home—"

"I never do get sick."

"You can have it, the whole city, for all me!" Mack said. "Oh, sure you can make money here; if I get into this I. B. C. racket I'll be making a hundred a week this time next year. This is the place to make money! But what can you buy with it when you've got it!"

"Walk down Fifth Avenue with Madge and me tomorrow morning, and you'll see," Fanny suggested. "Oh, the windows—and the awnings making everything shady—oh, my city, my city, my city!" She spread out her arms.

"I'm not so sure. It seems rather big for my size," Chris said slowly. "I believe that if you stuck to it, and stood for the summer heat and the hard winter, you could lick it, the same as you could any place. But we've come here when jobs are hard to get—"

"I'll lick it all right!" Mack said, as he paused. "I'll make my pile, and then I'll get out to some place like San Francisco or Santa Barbara, where people can live—swim and loaf and cook and sleep out-of-doors—"

"It scares me," Madge admitted. "I don't like it. I'll never like it. It's too high and too hard and too crowded, and it doesn't know you're alive. It—it isn't like anything else in the world: miles of delicatessen stores and hundreds of movies and 'To Lease' signs and empty houses and yet everyone jumbled up without room to breathe."

"I love it. I'm where I belong," Fanny murmured. "I'm going to stay!"

FANNY and Chris got a small rail table at the edge of the Casino's porch in the park. The day was very hot.

"Iced coffee and blackberries and very thin brown toast," Fanny ordered. "Chris, you haven't ordered."

"Oh, yes!" he roused himself from abstraction. "No Madge this morning?"

"This is the morning she and Mack were going to Long Beach, to that picnic with his boss."

"Ah, that's right!" Chris said. He smiled brightly at Fanny and they talked of Friday's news, Saturday's news. Not much news, and no business anywhere. The world was dead.

Fanny talked carefully, with an air of easy indifference. She must be careful not to let him know that it stabbed her, over and over, to have him sit there talking to her and thinking of Madge—thinking of Madge—

MADGE had been beautiful in blue linen this morning; Fanny mustn't say that. The Casino and the park and breakfast—these were the things of which she might safely speak.

"I shouldn't think this picnic would mean much to her—a lot of people she doesn't know."

"Oh, she does know the Raineys. They're lovely—they're just married. They seem awfully fond of Mack, and she's met them several times."

"She likes New York better than she did."

"Better, I think. But it still scares Madge."

"He'll never like it."

"Mack? He ought to. I call it outrageous ingratitude not to! With the salary he's getting, and the 'Balsam Kiss' hour, and everything. And that apartment free—for the summer anyway! I don't know what Mack expected."

"Maybe he expected you to be nicer to him, Fan," Chris said, with one of his rare smiles. Fanny's color came up warmly; she managed an uncomfortable laugh.

"I think he's over that."

"You do, really?"

"I think so."

"I thought," Chris said, not quite as casual as he tried to be—"I thought it might be you and Mack some day, and that maybe—if ever I get ahead at all—it might be—be us other fellers, too."

Fanny felt her mouth dry; her soul was completely dispirited within her. Life was dusty, dull, hot, sordid.

"Things don't seem to be working out that way, Chris," she said thickly, not looking at him.

"What did you say?" He bent forward eagerly.

"Only—only that—" Her eyes watered; she despised herself. "I couldn't ever—like Mack," she said with difficulty.

"Oh, Fanny, that's silly! Why, there wasn't a girl in Pally that didn't like him."

Fanny managed a superior glance. "As if that counted!"

"Doesn't it?" Chris asked amusedly, humbly.

"Not a bit!"

"Well, you know about these things," Chris conceded.

HE SAT on, idling with his iced coffee, and Fanny busied herself with her own meal. Intimately as they knew each other, close as these weeks had drawn all four of the group, she could never feel sure that these awkward silences might not suddenly develop between them when Mack and Madge were not near by. Perhaps he was not conscious of them, she told herself, but she was; it was maddening not to use to its fullest extent every minute that they two could be alone.

"I don't really 'know about these things,' at all."

"You—what?" He had apparently entirely forgotten the recent conversation; he looked up vaguely. Fanny wished furiously that she dared attack him, say straightforwardly: "You're crazy about Madge, aren't you?" Somehow it was impossible; her lips would not frame the words; her voice would have failed on them.

"We're not as afraid of it as we were, are we?" she presently began conversationally. Her nod indicated the porch of the Casino, where they were break-

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fasting, the strolling idlers in the park, the city all about them.

"New York? No, we've conquered it, in a way. Mack magnificently, of course; he'll make himself one of the valuable men at the I. B. C.; no question of that. And I to the modest extent of eighteen dollars a week. Larry, in the office, the boy who said you looked like the statue of Columbia—Larry tells me that a few years ago they started him, in just the same way, at forty."

"But if you can live on it, Chris?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. If I can live on it, it's all right. And I can just about make it. But of course it doesn't help Mother and Anna."

"It's a stepping-stone."

"Madge has made good because her mother sends her a hundred a month," Chris went on, after thought. "And you—but I don't see how you do it on ten a week."

"I could do it on ten a week; plenty of girls have learned how, now. But of course I don't. Rooming with Madge saves me rent, and the meals we cook in the kitchenette don't cost ten cents apiece, really—well, they do, because we calculate on thirty cents a day each for two meals. But even that's only nine dollars a month! And with you and Mack taking us to spaghetti dinners—and Casino breakfasts—"

She left it there, her lips automatically smiling, but her heart sick again. He was not listening; he was not interested.

"You're not jealous of Madge when she walks off with Mack?" Chris asked suddenly, awkwardly.

"Jealous!" Fanny shrugged; looked away. "Chris—" she began, "does it occur to you that they like each other more than they did—Mack and Madge?"

"No, it doesn't," he answered briefly. Presently he went back to the original subject: "You're sure you're not worried about it, Fan?"

"Mack and Madge? No—I couldn't feel that way for Mack if he and I were alone on a desert island," Fanny said, after thought.

"Then it's someone else, isn't it, Fanny?" Chris seemed pleased with the sudden inspiration; he repeated it smilingly: "That's it, is it? It's someone else?"

"Oh, you fool—you fool—you fool!" Fanny said in her heart. She shook her head.

SHE presently put her elbows on the table, and cupped her chin in her hands, and quite frankly studied him. There was no danger of his paying any attention to her. He was looking away; his thoughts were leagues away.

Chris was dark and square; she thought him very handsome. Even these ten weeks of New York had made him seem older, more sophisticated than the man who had started with Mack and Madge and herself from the Sixteenth Street station in Oakland, California, last June. He was wearing a fine line of dark mustache now for one thing, and, like all the New Yorkers, he had taken to a straw hat. And somehow his manner was graver and his smile had a slightly different quality; he was the same Chris that she had loved in college, and yet a new Chris, too.

"Tell me about it," he suggested, with an unsmiling glance.

"About what, Chris?"

"About whatever man it is that keeps you from falling in love with Mack."

"Oh—that! There doesn't have to be another man. It's just a question of chemistry, isn't it, Chris? We don't fuse, somehow, Mack and I."

Chris glanced up; shrugged.

"You don't want to talk about it?"

She summoned all her courage.

"Do *you*?"

"Not—much to say." The dark color had crept up into Chris' face; he laughed a little at his own confusion. "Only that—some day I may be able to ask her," he said, not looking at Fanny, "and then—I shall ask her. That's all."

That was all. It sounded like a doom in her heart.

"You mean that you haven't asked her, Chris?"

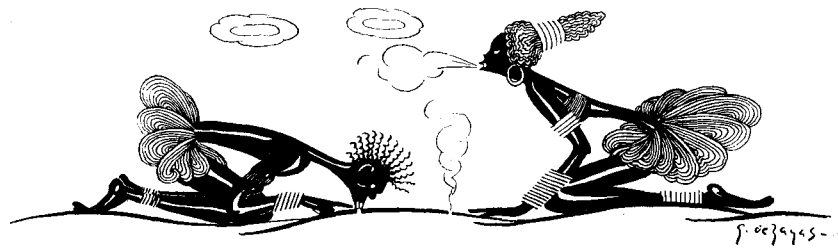
THERE was a long pause before he said:

"I think she knows."

"I wonder how long we are going to sit here boring each other," Fanny thought bitterly. "I didn't want to come out here for breakfast this morning; I'd infinitely rather have stayed at home and washed my hair and read the papers and worked out the puzzles. He never sees me at all; why should I come out here and humiliate myself—"

"It takes all your energy just to live in this city," Chris said dreamily, in the silence. "Your whole life is spent eating, sleeping, getting from one place to another, down into subways, up in elevators. What have you left?"

"The fact that you've done it, maybe, that you've met the hardest conditions that ever were, in the most crowded city, and made good."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

"Earth smoking" is not uncommon today in countries where smoking materials are scarce, as in the Kalahiri region of South Africa. The natives lie on the ground with their mouths over a small hole that leads to the bottom of a pit filled with burning leaves—and thus use the earth as a pipe.

Despite the fact that tuberculosis is only one of a number of diseases afflicting American World War veterans, its treatment takes one third of the money spent on their medical and hospital care, having cost more than $120,000 a day during the past nine years.

European gypsies, who are more ingenious than humane, teach their performing bears to dance by chaining them on heated pans.

A short time ago in Arabia, warring tribesmen frequently carried personal letters from their chief to the Angel Gabriel requesting that the bearers, in case of death, be admitted to Paradise without delay.—*By W. T. White, Lubbock, Texas.*

India has 280 different kinds of orchestral drums and large Hindu bands often use as many as 25 of them.

Villagers in France still use the old *charivari*, or scornful serenade, to show their disgust toward what they consider to be an unsuitable marriage. Following the wedding, they surround the home of the couple and beat on tin pans, fire-irons and kettles for many hours.

A certain kind of house-mouse in Europe and Asia sings like a canary, and a large bird, found only on the island of New Caledonia, barks like a dog.

Bodies of persons who have just died of certain nervous and infectious diseases *increase* in temperature for a short time, probably because metabolism is still active but lacking in the element of radiation that depends upon the circulation of the blood and body fluids.—*By W. J. Ripich, North Royalton, Ohio.*

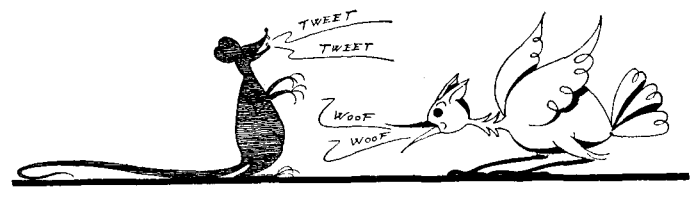
Salt is a government monopoly today in seven countries, including Italy, Spain, Greece and Japan, and it is taxed in six other countries including India, France, the Netherlands and Brazil. Some of these revenues run into vast sums. In fact, in China the salt tax is the chief source of the government income.

At Shirahone, a mineral spring resort in Japan, many persons taking the baths remain in the large public tanks continuously for as long as three weeks at a time, packing stones on and around themselves when "going to bed" at night so they will not turn turtle and drown in their sleep.

A new electric device for railroad engines makes a record, irrefutable in a lawsuit, of the engineman's actions in a grade-crossing accident. It registers the exact time of every whistle and bell signal, application of emergency brake and the passing of crossings.—*By J. C. Galloway, North Little Rock, Arkansas.*

Many primitive tribes still believe that white men are the ghosts of black men, that apes are a race of people, and that the only natural deaths are suicide, homicide and fatal accidents—all others being the work of evil spirits.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



"I don't know," he said. "But I do know that I don't want to live anywhere else."

"Nor I," Fanny added.

"This is September, Fan. What'll you do if Madge goes home at Christmas?"

"Something smart," Fanny answered confidently. "I'll tackle the problem like a cross-word puzzle."

"Think she'll go?" They were back at Madge again.

Conversation languished; the day grew hotter and hotter.

"It'll be getting cooler any day now."

"It *must*."

Fanny felt that she had never in her life been so uncomfortable and so bored. There seemed to be no way of ending this.

"Hello!" Chris said in a perfectly quiet voice. But she heard the notes of it. Madge and Mack had come up, somewhat wilted and very warm, both beaming, delighted to find their own people again. Chris drew up chairs; there were to be lemonades all round.

"Bill had a touch of ptomaine, and of course they couldn't risk a picnic this weather. Gosh, I'm glad you stayed here!" Mack said, wiping his forehead. Chris, Fanny noted, was quietly radiant. Suddenly his life had taken on form and purpose again. It didn't matter what they did now; it was all right because Madge was here. Chris was suggesting bus-top rides, movies in a certain cool theater, dinner downtown on Chinese chop suey.

THE lemonades came, long and pale; ice clinked in the glasses.

Mack leaned back in his chair, after the first long draught of his drink, and closed his eyes, and Chris was talking to Madge in low tones. Madge, listening, looked down at her own slim fingers, locked about her glass.

She was lovely this morning. The heat of the day had added a new delicacy, a new transparent clearness to her beauty; her hazel eyes were full of light, and the curve of hair that went up against the blue hat had rich red tones in it. Madge's skin had the pearly quality that sometimes goes with dark red hair; usually she was pale, but today her cheeks were stained with faint rose color. And the new blue hat was infinitely becoming, and the soft fawn-colored gloves she had laid beside her plate were just the right gloves. Fanny felt gawky and shabby and fussy, watching exquisite little Madge sitting there sipping her lemonade, and lowering her long lashes under Chris' ardent look.

The whole day had turned into a complete failure for Fanny, but it was newborn for Chris; he could not be happy enough, plan with enough enthusiasm.

Mack seemed happy, too, in his spoiled, dissatisfied fashion. He was in one of his amusing, scathing moods, commenting upon everything and everybody; he and Fanny kept a spirited conversation going for a while; she had only a vague idea what it was all about.

Then they strolled in the park. Chris and Madge were sauntering ahead together. Madge certainly had a beautiful body. The September sun shone with an unabated fervor, but it was nearer the west in midafternoon than it had been a few weeks ago. According to what everyone said—old Mrs. Behrmann at the shop, and Larry Knowles, Chris' friend from the law firm—according to what everyone said, there would presently be cool, sweet, stinging days and red leaves and need for coats.

Coats! It was part of the complete strangeness of the whole experience, Fanny thought, that one hadn't had a coat on since June. Why, in California every other night would have been

(Continued on page 32)

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The German National Church is designed to be the religious implement of Hitlerism

Harry Haenigsen

You can't get to Heaven that way

By T. R. Ybarra

Religion, like everything else in Germany, must reflect first of all the spirit of Hitlerism. What place in the thoughts of a purified people has the Old Testament? Upon close examination it proves to be largely Jewish history with no discernible mention of Germany. Therefore, 'raus mit it—and the fight is on. Mr. Ybarra reports from the pews

IT HAS dawned upon certain extremist partisans of Adolf Hitler, now engaged in trying to make over Germany according to Nazi patterns, that there is something painfully un-Germanic about the Old Testament. Try as they will, they simply can't find any allusions in it to Germany or the Germans. To those who timidly remark that, when it was written, Germany hadn't been invented nor the Germans discovered, they retort: "So much the worse for the Old Testament!"

And besides—a point which to the Hitlerite mind is particularly damning—perusal of the Old Testament leads irresistibly to the conclusion that there is something distinctly Hebraic about it. That is a fact which positively hits you in the eye, assert Hitlerites who have gone into the matter. How about those allusions to the Promised Land, for instance, by which—careful Teutonic research has established beyond doubt—none other is meant than Palestine, capital Jerusalem?

Hence the Old Testament has no place in the new religion which must be provided as soon as possible for new, hundred-per-cent Aryan Germany! 'Raus mit it! And 'raus mit a whole lot of other things which make religion, as it now is, a misfit (say these fanatics) in the to-be-purified Fatherland.

Fancy having churches in which persons who disapprove of Adolf Hitler are on a par with those who worship him! Fancy tolerating any longer creeds which declare that all men (irrespective of political affiliations!) are sinners in the eyes of God; which maintain that preaching the Word of God is the main mission of clergymen; which assert that clergymen should preach without a thought for anything so worldly as politics—even Hitlerist politics! What place has such religion in the new Germany? None! 'Raus mit it!

Thus rave hundred-per-cent Hitlerites in present-day Germany. They assert that religion, like everything else in the land—state rights, labor unions, universities, the learned professions, the press—must reflect, first of all, the spirit of Hitlerism. Not content with raving, they are trying tooth and nail to turn their ideas into reality, with all the speed and ruthlessness typical of Hitler-Land. They are bending their energies to bringing about the amalgamation of the German Protestant churches of all denominations into a single "Reichskirche," or German National Church, which—if their dreams come true—will be a sort of religious annex to Hitlerism.

Dissension in Hitler-Land

But, in their campaign, they are running up against an opposition which—in these days of "steam-rollering" in Germany, of frightened obedience to every order from Adolf Hitler and his Nazis—is entirely without parallel in any other walk of German life.

In rallying to the defense of their beliefs, German Protestants have asserted themselves with outspoken fearlessness. In the case of political opponents, a far milder attitude of disagreement—in fact, the merest hint of objection to being trampled upon by the Nazis—has meant imprisonment or exile; in the case of German Jews, upon whom is the fatal "non-Aryan" brand which makes them pariahs to Germany's new masters, it has often meant physical violence and the loss of the means of earning a livelihood. Yet champions of independent Protestantism, in combating the attacks launched upon it by the advocates of a Hitlerized Reichskirche, have denounced governmental interference in words such as have not been heard in the land since Hitler substituted dictatorship for democracy.

Irrespective of victories or setbacks on paper, which may come to one side or the other as the controversy progresses, two things may be borne in mind as practically certain: First, even if the Hitler government should guarantee independence to the Protestant churches of Germany, Nazi extremists will continue their fight to undermine it; and, second, even if the extremists succeed in getting official sanction for the German National Church of their dreams, conservative German churchgoers will keep up their battle for freedom, even if they finally become unable to practice that freedom except in the citadel of their conscience.

Already the heads of existing Protestant churches in Germany—there are twenty-nine of them professing a variety of creeds—are working for the reconciliation of warring elements, with a view to bringing about a united church. There is talk of creating a German United Lutheran Church and a German United Reformed Church, thus welding together the Lutheran and Reformed creeds to which the great majority of German Protestants belong. In some quarters, also, a movement has been launched for a united church embracing both Lutheran and Reformed churches; and, among the younger element in the clergy, the conviction is growing that there is too much hidebound conservatism in high places, too much tendency toward reaction and dry-rot, which must be eliminated in order to bring German Protestantism into closer touch with the revolutionary upheaval now smashing traditions in Germany.

Putting the Church in Politics

But union and reform, churchmen insist, must come *from within*. There must be no governmental dragooning. And, above all, whatever form the proposed new united church may take, it must be free of *political entanglements*. Which, of course, is diametrically opposed to what fanatical Hitlerites believe.

The most active of those who wish to see Germany endowed with a Hitlerized National Church are the so-called "German Christians." They claim to represent at least one third of the country's forty million Protestants. They held a big meeting recently at which they formulated some of the ideas underlying their proposed revolutionary reforms, which they have since kept before the German public by means of an extremely energetic campaign of propaganda. Among those present when these proposals were discussed was Prince August Wilhelm, fourth son of the ex-

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Bent on eliminating from religion all non-Aryan qualities, the "German Christians" have peopled Heaven with new deities

Kaiser, who for a long time has been active in the Nazi movement. He sat in the front row of the assemblage, which packed one of Berlin's big halls, deeply absorbed in the proceedings, with his Nazi swastika emblem prominently displayed on his brown uniform.

First of all, the "German Christians" demand the coördination of the Protestant churches of Germany with the "People's State of the National Revolution." (This seems a roundabout way of saying that the new church be under the control of the government and reflect governmental views.) They also insist that clergymen of the new church shall take a "positive political stand." In view of what is going on in Germany nowadays under Hitlerist rule, this would appear to mean only one thing: that the clergy must subscribe to Nazi doctrines and promulgate them to their congregations. Some "German Christians" maintain that their movement intends no infringement of church independence on the part of politics; but how can this be reconciled with that statement about a "positive political stand"?

Archaic Biblical language must be eliminated in favor of living forms of German speech, the "German Christians" also demand. And they call for the removal of the Old Testament as the basis of religion. It must give place in the new Germany to another basis, in which, for the Hebraic Biblical characters of old, a new set must be substituted, drawn from ancient Teutonic sagas and legends, supplemented by lessons based on the careers of those who have won fame in German intellectual life, such as poets, philosophers and artists. As one of the most prominent leaders of the "German Christians" put it to me, when I called upon him at their headquarters:

"Except for small portions, the Old Testament is simply Jewish history. It is of no more interest from a purely religious point of view than American history. Therefore, we wish to discard it, except for such parts as serve to elucidate the New Testament."

New Gods for Old

In urging a return to the sagas, it will be noted, the "German Christians" take a leaf from the book of earlier would-be reformers of German life, among them General Ludendorff, master-strategist of Imperial Germany during the World War. Ludendorff, since the advent of peace, has gone wild on the subject of making the Germans over, even if doing it means turning them into pagans. For years he has been advocating the elimination from German religion of Biblical characters in favor of the gods and demigods of Teutonic mythology, who parade through the Nibelung Saga under the leadership of that formidable and ill-tempered spear-carrier, Wotan —quite oblivious of the confusion which such elimination might arouse in the minds of churchgoers as to whether they were attending divine service or Wagnerian opera.

As for the demand that lessons culled from the careers of those who have been prominent in German intellectual life be substituted for Biblical narratives, even convinced Nazis find some difficulty in understanding just what is meant.

"Is Goethe to take the place of Isaiah?" they ask. "And Immanuel Kant to be shown entering the lions' den clad in the robes of Daniel?"

One man, thoroughly disgusted with the whole galaxy of proposed church reforms, blurted out: "And whom must we imagine as playing the last trumpet in place of the Archangel Gabriel, retired? Beethoven? Brahms? Richard Wagner?"

One of the heads of the "German Christians" declared that "the swastika and the Cross belong together." Under the sign of the swastika, he says, "theology must be born anew." He adds:

"If Christ should come back to earth today he would be a leader in the fight against Marxism, internationalism, and all that sort of thing."

Others in the van of the new movement lay emphasis on the necessity of making the proposed new church essentially German and emphasizing the superiority of Germanism. They have put their beliefs into a series of short, pithy sentences. "God has created me a German—Germanism is God's gift to me—God desires that I fight for Germanism"—so run some of the parts of this declaration of faith. And the basically political nature of the proposed revolution in religion, as visualized by the extremists, is clearly shown by the following declaration of one of the most influential among them:

"We demand the coördination of the church." (The German word used is "Gleichschaltung," a favorite Nazi expression, constantly heard in Hitler-Land. It really means more than "coordination;" rather, "fitting into the Hitlerist pattern.") "The desires of our people would be met if the official evangelical church would accept our movement with open arms. Instead, the church seeks, by statements published in the newspapers, to create the impression that these questions have been most carefully deliberated upon for years by the Evangelical Church Council, and that, therefore, it is the duty of the said Council to proceed with the necessary reforms within the church.

Rules for Protestants

"But we insist that a renovation of the form will be useless from our standpoint if the substance is not vitalized anew. . . . The mass of the people stands behind our movement. It demands, with ever-increasing energy, the 'Gleichschaltung' (that word again!) of State and Church. . . . We can no longer tolerate the opposition to the National Socialist government of some of the church authorities, which they still conduct in more or less hidden ways. *Without meaning to limit at all the independence* of the evangelical church, we must demand that its leadership be placed in the hands of men who, as Christians, consciously uphold the beliefs of the people, and consciously *accept the standpoint of the National Socialist revolution.*"

There is certainly difficulty in reconciling the first and last parts of the above statement. And when one talks with "German Christians" the difficulty remains. After one of them had assured me that the independence of German Protestantism would remain unimpaired within the proposed Reichskirche, I asked:

"But isn't the Reichskirche to be coördinated with the government?"

"Surely."

"And will not its clergymen be expected to hold political views in agreement with those of the government?"

"Of course."

"And will clergymen holding other views be allowed in it?"

"Certainly not!"

Which seems to leave "independence" in rather poor shape!

Anti-Semitism in the Background

Emphasizing once more that cardinal point in the doctrine of the Hitlerites, anti-Semitism, extremists among those campaigning for the establishment of a National German Church demand that those belonging to it be entirely without admixture of Jewish blood; that they be forbidden to intermarry with Jews; and that, should they disobey this injunction they be excluded from membership in the church and their marriage be branded as illegal. The deeper one digs nowadays, by the way, into the reasons inspiring those out to recast German religion, the more of a basis of anti-Semitism one finds.

War between those who believe that religion should preach the Gospel of God and those who think that it should also give attention to the Gospel of

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Through the Cabin Window

By William MacHarg

Detective O'Malley covers the waterfront. It's a break for the innocent suspects

"THIS murder happened on a coal barge," said O'Malley. "The dead guy's name is Captain Solan. One guy lives on these boats and so they call him 'captain' and he has a deckhand to help him. Solan's deckhand's name is Alshuler. Well, Alshuler says he was uptown to spend the evening and he come back about midnight and the captain was in the cabin, dead. His head had been beat in with an iron bolt. You can't never find out about these waterfront killings because too many times they get done by someone that never even seen the guy before; if you do find out it don't get you nothing because generally nobody cares if the guy got killed or didn't. This Solan's wife was dead and he didn't have no relatives. Alshuler says he never wrote no letters."

"Have they any idea as to the motive?"

"Right now they think it was robbery. The captain had a couple of bond coupons in his pocket. They was due to be paid yesterday, the first of the month. Well, that was Sunday so he couldn't cash 'em, but he couldn't have sold the bonds without the coupons, so he must still have had 'em. They can't find no bonds."

"Who do they think did it?"

"Some people think it was Alshuler."

We went to see Captain Solan. He had been a big man with white hair, between sixty and seventy years old. He had a Statue of Liberty tattooed on one forearm and a warship on the other. Under the statue were the letters C. S. and under the warship J. P.

"What do you suppose the letters stand for, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"C. S. might stand for Charles Solan. I don't know about J. P. Well, we got to see Alshuler, but he won't tell us nothing."

We went to headquarters and saw Alshuler. He was a weasel-faced little man with shifty eyes.

"You told everything you know about this homicide?" O'Malley asked him.

"Sure. Because I don't know nothing. I was uptown and I come back. That was at midnight. I looked in the cabin and the captain was dead and so I called the cops."

"You and the captain ever have any trouble between you?"

"No; we never had no trouble."

"He's not telling all he knows, O'Malley," I decided.

"You're right in that, but they got another witness."

The other witness was named Tadden. He was a good-looking young fellow, twenty-two years old, with an honest face.

"You tell us exactly what you told them other cops," O'Malley directed him.

"Well, I work on a barge. Our barge was tied up outside of Captain Solan's. A little before midnight I started to go home and I had to cross Solan's barge to get to the wharf. So I glanced in at Solan's window and he was in the cabin. He was washing his hands."

"You know this Captain Solan pretty well?"

"Sure."

"You ever knew of him having trouble with anybody?"

"He wasn't the kind that ever caused no trouble. There was no harm in the old boy except he bored you stiff talking about when he was in the Navy."

"WHEN you seen him through the cabin window did you speak to him?"

"No; I just went on to the wharf."

"O. K. Then what happened?"

"When I was about half a dozen blocks up the street I met Alshuler on his way back to the barge. That's all."

"How long would you say it would have been from when you seen the captain to when Alshuler would have got back to the barge?"

"Maybe fifteen minutes."

"Well, O'Malley," I said, "that doesn't leave much time for the murder to be done by anyone but Alshuler."

"You think he done it?"

"I've thought so from the first minute I saw him."

"You might be right. So now we got more trouble—we got to go look at the barge."

The barge was in the East River. Several barges were tied up abreast and the one we wanted was next against the wharf. As Tadden had told us, anyone who wanted to get ashore from one of the others had to walk across its deck. There was a pile of long iron bolts on the wharf like the one Solan had been killed with, which we had seen at headquarters, and a uniformed cop was sitting in an armchair on the deck. When we went down into the cabin, the cop followed us.

I didn't like the cabin very well. There was blood over everything and papers were scattered all around.

"The plain-clothes guys that were here ahead of you searched this place," the cop informed us.

There was a picture of a very pretty woman on the cabin wall, who, we decided, must have been Solan's wife. We examined all the papers but found nothing of importance. Some of the papers related to a steamship company that Solan had once worked for, and others, before that, to his service in the navy. There was a photograph of two youngsters in the naval uniform of enlisted men.

"WOULD you think the tallest of these guys was Solan?" O'Malley asked me.

"He looks like it."

He put the picture in his pocket. "Where did Alshuler sleep?" he asked the cop.

The cop showed us and O'Malley searched that place too. I sat on the bunk and watched him. Then I felt something lumpy in the mattress of the bunk and I turned the mattress over and felt in it. It was a package wrapped in oilskin, which contained ten bonds,

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Illustrated by Irving Nurick

I went and pretended to wash my hands

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All About Women

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By André Maurois

I'M ALWAYS so glad to know, before a dinner, that I'm to take in Lady Merrick. She's not so young any more, but her face hasn't a line; her color's pretty, whatever she does to it, and her forty years or so have given her a faintly enigmatic smile that's maddening or amusing, as you choose.

Lady Merrick has been a real help to her husband. She and Sir Joseph have been in the East a long time, in India and Burma and South Africa. She speaks several native dialects, and, living so much in primitive society, she has acquired a lot of sound theories concerning men and women.

We were sitting at table, a dozen or so of us. Opposite me was a sturdy English colonel with a fine square jaw and a jutting chin. He was telling a grisly story.

"Last year," he said, "I was taking my wife with me on one of my tours of inspection in East Africa. One of the Negro chiefs entertained us; a fine, big fellow he was, and very anxious to do the right thing. We'd brought him a few presents. That's quite usual, you know. Well, he begged my wife to pick out something. Winifred—that's my wife—happened to be admiring, just a moment before, a bracelet one of the chief's wives was wearing. We explained to the chief, through his interpreter, that we'd like a bracelet just like that.

"The Johnny seemed a bit embarrassed. It appeared that the bracelet had been molded to the wrist, you see. It was quite tight, couldn't be taken off. There wasn't another one like it. Naturally, my wife said, 'Oh, don't bother,' but you could see that it was on the Johnny's mind, all the same. Presently he gave an order, very quietly, to one of his ministers. The man bowed to him and disappeared. So did the wife who was wearing the bracelet. In a few minutes, there he was, back again, and he handed the bracelet to the chief who smiled, well pleased, and offered it to my wife. Only, there was a drop of blood upon it."

"What—what had happened?" said the fair and breathless lady upon the colonel's left.

"They'd cut off the hand of the chief's wife to get the bracelet."

"Oh! And you—you took it?"

"Well," said the colonel, and his tone was dry, "well, the harm was done. Why should one repulse the good intentions of an ally?"

"Nothing soft about him, is there?" I whispered to Lady Merrick.

"Wait," she whispered back. "Later on I'll tell you just how hard a man he is."

After dinner I was able to take Lady Merrick out to the terrace, which was far enough away from the colonel so that I could safely hear about him.

"This was in Burma," she said. "My husband was Resident then of one of the outlying districts. One day who should come along but Archie, chin and all. Colonel Woodman, yes; he was only Lieutenant Woodman then.

"I was overjoyed to see him; we were from the same neighborhood at home; we'd played together as children. I was a bride and I felt very maternal, as brides do, to nice young men.

"I did the best I could for Archie—I entrusted him to the least attached of his brother officers, and in forty-eight hours Archie had a bungalow and a native girl to run it for him. Which I hadn't intended at all."

I nodded.

"Lots of our officers do, too," I said. "In Morocco and Tonquin."

"Yes. Quite. Well, after that he stayed away from us. A young man who does that sort of thing either breaks with the girl or goes to pieces. So after a time I dropped him a line, and he came to see me.

"It was just what I'd anticipated.

"'YOU can't imagine, Mary,' he said, 'how much these girls know about making love.' (A nice thing to say to anyone, wasn't it?) 'You see, one feels that he is just like—just like a God to them. I know very well that with an English girl I'd be just a husband—always taken for granted. Here I'm the supreme person.'

"Can you fancy that?

"'But, Archie,' I said. 'How in the world do you know? You can't even talk to her.'

"'Oh, I know! I just wish you could see her when I come in after I've been away for a while. She looks at me as my dog does. I—I want to be loved like that.'

"'Archie, you don't understand these little doll-girls. They're actresses, like all women. She gazes at you that way to get a string of beads, a piece of silk, another servant.'

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"'Oh! How little you know her! She never asks for anything. Presents only bore her. See here: twice I bought her a watch. She lost both of them and refused to concern herself about them. Everything I give her she puts down carelessly, and the servants steal it. She's just a loving, unselfish woman. That's the sort I like, and I have a right to please myself, haven't I?'

"Well. It went on and on like that and I saw the thing was really serious. So I sent my handsome Archie away with a sigh of exasperation, and went to see his colonel. The colonel was an old hand; he understood at once. The next morning he decided that it was quite necessary to send an officer and ten men to scout a brigand in the hills. Plainly, the officer who was youngest in rank was the one to send: that, of course, was Archie Woodman.

"That was how it happened that I was able, during the next eight days, to go visiting the young—shall I say wife?—of Lieutenant Woodman, who seemed flattered to have the wife of the Resident Sahib call upon her, and take so obvious an interest in her. I had two advantages over Archie: I could speak the girl's language, and I happen to be a woman, too. When we began to get acquainted I spoke to her of our hero.

"'You're in luck,' I said. 'Woodman Sahib is generous.'

"'Oh,' she said. 'He's the most stupid white man I've ever known. Twice he gave me a watch. Each time I sold it. Now he's going to give another one.'

"'But,' I said, 'surely you respect him?'

"'Who'd respect a fool like that?' she said.

"After that it wasn't so hard to ask her if she'd take a few rupees, and a watch into the bargain, to leave her sweetheart.

"When the expedition returned, Lieutenant Archie Woodman came rushing over. I had a trying interview with him from tea-time to dinner. He cried a couple of times, your man who has no sentiment."

SHE glanced inside, and smiled. There was the handsome Colonel Woodman at the other end of the drawing-room, holding forth vigorously upon the Continental situation while his admirers, grouped about him, were mute.

"Without doubt," said Lady Merrick, "he's explaining to them that what our government needs is men with fists, with strong arms, and that if only men like Colonel Archie Woodman were at the helm everything would be fine."

"Don't be so catty," I said. "Just because a romantic young subaltern finds himself the dupe of a woman—"

"Nonsense! You! You're nothing but a man! When you come to London I'll see that you are presented to the present Mrs. Woodman. He calls her Winifred. When you meet her you'll see why I have told you this story. You'll see that women of a certain type are the same from Burma to Piccadilly."

I felt chilly. "Shall we go in?" I said.

She took my arm and we went back to listen to the man with the square chin.

Illustrated by Ralph Fallen Coleman

"I wish you could see her when I come in after I've been away for a while"

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Lazarnick

Real beauty culture encourages Nature instead of attempting to improve on it

Beauty without Bunk

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Dr. Wadsworth takes the bunk out of the beauty business and gives you the result: some very workable ways to look your best

I HORRIFIED a patient of mine once, who had come to me with a complaint of nervousness, irritability and fatigue. After an exhaustive physical examination and a long personal talk, I made a diagnosis of boredom. She just didn't have a very good time. My prescription was this:

"Go out and buy yourself some new clothes; go to a good beauty shop and have them give you a mild facial, a shampoo and a perfect wave. Then go and learn to play bridge."

Fortunately, I thought, you don't have to argue with the rest of the world about the pertinence of appearance in modern life. The importance of good grooming is pretty generally recognized and the old-time notion that cosmetics and other aids to beauty are sinful or harmful has been buried with the past. Then I went out to tea. And my faith in general enlightenment received a setback.

I met a young married woman at this tea party, young enough to be my daughter, and she filled me with ideas of her own which made my nervous friend seem like a radical débutante. The argument started on the question of how often it was "safe" to wash the hair, and went on to the danger of soap for the face and of creams, and of the "unnaturalness" of frequent warm baths. So I went home and set myself to write what follows.

Among other things this young woman said: "Beauty shops! I would no more go into a beauty shop than—!" And she went on to tell me the foolish and dangerous things of which the beauty shop is capable.

Apparently she didn't know that there has been a peaceful reform in the beauty shops in the last twenty years; a reform worked from within the cosmetic world itself, and directed and abetted by the government and the medical profession. There is, to be sure, still a good deal of bunk in the patter of the beauty culturists, and I dare say a word about it just because I do not have the point of view of my young friend.

I have my pet beauty shop and my pet operator. My operator was selected not only for her skill, but for her good nature, her sense of humor and, primarily, her common sense. She gives me a pretty good insight on the bunk in the beauty business by prefacing her remarks with—

"You know, the cosmetologists say—" and "What do you think of that?"

A lot of this bunk isn't important, except as all untruths or half-truths are important. It doesn't do any actual harm to the people who believe in it. But much of it costs money to believe in, or even, eventually, defeats the ends of the beauty seeker.

Before we go into the details of beauty care from a doctor's point of view, maybe I should justify a medical interest in good looks. It's pretty old, hackneyed stuff to say that beauty and health go hand in hand, but it's still true. We can't quite say that health *is* beauty, but we can say that healthy people are better looking than unhealthy people, and that looking your best makes you *feel* better. Then in respect to certain parts of our anatomy, health really does mean as much beauty as we are capable of—in the case of the hair and skin, for instance. Moreover, interest in looking one's best is a healthful mental sign. Not interest in good looks to the exclusion of other interests, but enough to keep looking fit and up-to-date and well-groomed.

While ways of doing the hair change frequently, the fundamentals of good looks for hair stay the same, year after year. Hair looks well when it is clean and glossy and well-ordered. The idea that hair can be injured by frequent washing has interfered with the beauty of the hair of a great many women for years. It has also interfered with the health of the scalp. In many of the better beauty shops this idea has died or is rapidly dying, for which heaven be praised. There never was any scientific argument for it, and there are many against it. In general, skin is healthier if it is clean, and the scalp is modified skin. It is the greatest dirt catcher of the body, thanks to its oil, its exposure and its hairy covering. The arguments against washing the hair frequently are chiefly concerned with the oil supply of the scalp. Washing does, of course, remove more of the surface oil from the scalp and from the hair. In some people this oil is replaced so quickly from the oil glands of the scalp that the hair is thinly coated with it in forty-eight hours or less. In other people, where the oil production of the scalp is scanty, the hair may be too dry and brittle for comfort for several days, but manufactured oil can be rubbed into the scalp and brushed into the hair. The world is now full of available hair oils, plain and perfumed, cheap and expensive. The best are not necessarily the most expensive.

The health of the scalp is improved in several ways by washing. The friction and heat of washing and drying the hair improve the circulation of the scalp. The likelihood of infection of the scalp is greatly reduced by cleanliness. And the scaling of the scalp which may be a result of a dermatitis or dandruff, or a simple scaling of the skin, is greatly reduced by frequent washing. I know one woman who insists that she has a headache if she does not wash her hair every four or five days. She says if she forgets her shampoo, or hasn't the time for it, the headache reminds her that it is due. Whether this headache is the result of

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Suddenly afraid, she pounded up to the arena

Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

SHOT from ambush, Hugh Tracy, a young cattleman living near the little town of Antelope, is rushed to a hospital. Three months later, convalescent, he returns to his home. Vandals, he finds, have wrecked it!

Mystified, Tracy investigates. From Lynn Isherwood—a beautiful girl whom he meets quite by chance and about whom he knows nothing—he learns that he is still in peril. From Morgan Testervis (co-owner with his brother, Bat, of the Double-Ought ranch) he learns far more. The Double-Ought and the TS (Tade Shadrow's outfit) are struggling for control of the Powder desert region. Shadrow wants Tracy's water, which the young cattleman will not sell. The man, a scoundrel, is plotting Tracy's death. Believing what Morgan tells him, Tracy casts his lot with the Testervis brothers.

In Antelope, for supplies, he finds TS gunmen watching him. Willy Bones—a hand whom Shadrow has hired, robbed and discharged—is there. Ordered by Shadrow, his employer, to kill Willy, Sid Maunders, a gunman, tries to pick a quarrel with him. Whereupon, resorting to a dangerous stratagem, Tracy saves the young fellow. Then—in answer to a message brought in by an excited rider—the TS men ride out, headed by Shadrow, Lake Tolbert (his foreman) —*and Lynn Isherwood!*

As the column disappears in the distance, Bill Vivian, one of Tracy's friends, appears. He greets Tracy and Bones. Then—"Shadrow's going to attack Testervis. It looks like Morgan and Bat will need every man they can get. Come on!". . . The three men mount their horses, ride toward Testervis headquarters. As they draw near, they hear heavy firing, which soon dies down. Minutes pass. A Testervis man gallops up. "There's been a big fight," he announces. "They got Morgan Testervis—he's shot through the chest. I'm beating it!". . . . At TS headquarters, after the battle, Shadrow, Maunders and Tolbert discuss the situation. In the adjoining hall, Lynn Isherwood listens. The girl is Shadrow's niece—and his ward. She loathes him. "Maunders," Shadrow orders, "kill Tracy and burn his place—*at once!*" The girl listens no longer. Saddling her horse, she rides away—to warn Hugh Tracy. Tolbert sees her go, guesses what she is planning to do. He holds Maunders in conversation for ten minutes; then—"Get a move on you, Sid," he commands. "It ought to be easy—Tracy won't be expecting you."

V

LYNN knew the road well and the coal-black went along it at an unchecked pace. Once the never-quite-absent fear of Shadrow's vengeful power so startled her that she stopped dead and listened. Yet nothing came out of the long sweep of night but the far-off ululating chant of a coyote; and after it died there was only the gentle run of the western wind. Of the darkness itself she had no apprehensions. This was her kind of country and she loved it. The isolation, the long distances, the raw flame of day and the mystery of the star-swept heavens overhead—these bold contrasts and this generous amplitude made up a world supremely satisfying. Born into it, she could conceive no other as satisfying. It was a wondrous world—out-flung, majestic, beautiful in its own barbaric style.

For a while she half forgot the trouble that had put her on the road. But it came back to her as she drew into the rough surfaces of Mogul near the spur. She found the trail leading down toward Tracy's after tedious exploration and at the tree line she pulled the pony to a slow drift. No sound came from behind; no light winked out of the house ahead and a heavy sensation of discouragement passed through her. To see Hugh, if only for a moment, meant some lightening of her load, some break in the long monotony; it was compensation for the risk of Tade Shadrow's evil temper when she returned to face him. Considerably let down, she halted at the edge of the meadow and dropped a soft call into the stillness:

"Hugh."

THE answer was immediate, enormously heartening. Hugh's voice struck out of an angle by the barn. "Easy, boys. Lynn, what in thunder—" She heard him running across the yard. Going on, the solid outline of the man appeared beside her horse. A hand reached up, gripped her arm.

"What did you come for?" said Hugh.

"Maunders is on the way with some men—about a dozen, I think."

"How do you know?"

"I overheard Tade tell him."

"And you risked it?" muttered Hugh. The concern and anger of his words furnished her with an odd sense of happiness. "Lynn, I've got enough on my conscience without adding any more. Don't you know what Shadrow will do to you?"

"He'll only think I've been roaming. He's used to it."

"But if he finds out—" muttered Tracy and stopped there. After a while he called back: "Bill, did you hear that?"

"Ahuh."

"Everybody I touch gets into grief," rumbled Tracy. "You can't stay, but if you go back you're not safe."

She had made her own decisions for so long and she had been friendless for so long that it was like luxury to stand idle and hear Tracy shoulder her problems. Yet it was a forbidden luxury and she recalled herself with a small sense of guilt. "No, I'm going back. He won't find out. He could do nothing if he did."

"In the first place, how did you get on that ranch?"

She told him in swift, brief phrases.

"I can't do a thing," muttered Tracy. His fist rose and fell. "Not a thing! Lynn, it's a damnable pass! There is no shelter here for you. Not a bit of safety anywhere around me."

"I am going back. Don't worry about it, Hugh. He will discover nothing."

"That wolf," grunted Tracy. "He's a bloody man, Lynn. Today he killed off Morgan Testervis, who was a thousand times better than Tade ever will be. He's broken down all opposition."

"Except us," came a dry voice from the darkness.

"Except us," repeated Hugh, slowly.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Lynn. "Stay? Oh, no. You aren't able to do that. Tade fears you. Tolbert told him nothing was settled until you were out of the way. You see? He won't stop until he has you. It's impossible to hold against him."

"IMPOSSIBLE," came Bill Vivian's casual voice, "is a funny word. Come to study it close and what do you find? Why, that most of the darned thing is 'possible.' "

"Time's goin'," said Hugh. "When you get to the top of the trees, Lynn, take the causeway and swing wide of the trail."

"Hugh," said the girl wistfully. All their meetings came to such abrupt ends. Never was there a promise of a next time, least of all now. She wanted to say something and didn't know what it was to be. But Tracy, pressed by anxiety, gripped her arm, urged her to hurry.

"If you've got to run away," said Hugh quickly, "remember this: Follow the Testervis road beyond the rock cairn. As far as the first heavy stand of pines. Swing off the road when you hit the trees—swing to your left and keep going until you come to a quarried-out clearing. I'll try to make it every few days. You've got to hustle now, Lynn."

She wanted to make it a cheerful goodby. But what she said was, "I don't see anything but defeat for us, Hugh! Oh, be so careful!" The grip of his palm increased and fell away and she spurred into the timber. All the buoying power of his presence ended, the trees were abysmally black. Sud-

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denly afraid, she lashed the black and pounded up to the arena. The horse swung toward the fissure trail, resisting her rein pressure. When she fought him to the causeway the charge of his hoofs lifted great eddies of sound and it seemed as if all the world could hear. Half in panic, she arrived at Mogul's surface and plunged into the dark emptiness. A quarter mile beyond the road she halted.

Maunders was out there, passing by. Soft repercussions crossed the flat and faded. There was, afterwards, no sound at all. Lynn gripped the reins and listened with a straining attention, every impulse holding her to the spot until some inkling of Tracy's fortune was borne back. But the inevitable scene with Shadrow was something she dared no longer postpone. So, curling to the road, she set out at a gallop. Long afterwards there was some firing behind, damped by the distance. She counted two distinct bursts and a ragged after-volley. Then silence came and she urged the horse to a faster gait, afraid now that Maunders might return and overtake her.

THE girl gone, Hugh strode into the house and lighted a lamp, placing it before a window. After that he returned to the yard and paused a moment by Bill Vivian, whose station was behind a porch-end. Willy Bones, troubled about something, called out of the barn:

"Anything up?"

"Wait it out, Willy. And no more talkin'. Don't leave your place, no matter what happens."

Bill Vivian rose from a crouch and stamped his feet on the dirt. "Women," said he, softly, "constitute a large portion of the globe. But what of it? So does sagebrush. Ain't we got enough to unscramble as is?"

Hugh whirled and headed for the water trough on the run, some faint alarm in the trees coming to him. He reached the trough and seized the rifle standing beside it. Vivian's gunlock clicked through a dead stillness that was the next moment burst apart by a slashing of brush and the rolling stampede of hoofs. They came out of the trees in a breasting line, their shadows cleaving the mass of night; and they came in full voice. Maunders yelled, that strident and arrogant tone recognizable anywhere. Two streaming wings wedged into the clearing, one racing for the house, the other swinging wide of the water trough.

Hugh Tracy, throwing up his rifle, smashed a bullet into a downbearing figure and saw the man lurch drunkenly. The yelling ceased instantly and all the yard shuddered with a concerted firing. His target fell, the horse raced riderless by. Another target came on, boiling up the water of the trough with one shot and another. Utterly cold, Tracy caught the man no more than ten feet away, caught him solidly in the body.

WILLY BONES was shouting from the barn and in that direction a recoiling fringe of Maunders' riders drummed the boards with a hot volleying. Worried—and free of attack at that moment—Tracy swung about and raked the agitated darkness over there. Something smashed against the house behind him, but Vivian was holding fast and he had no concern. Willy Bones cried again, openly defiant. But as suddenly as it had started it was over; no more rush and pound behind him, no more weaving bodies ahead. There was a whipping and a crushing of brush and a final report from one gun; then the beat of hoofs died into the upper slopes, and silence rushed in.

"Bill!" snapped Hugh. "Willy!"

He heard Willy swearing in a pleased way; and Vivian's drawl reached him. "How about it, Mister Tracy?" said Bill. "Ever know of the time when a good little man couldn't lick a good big one?"

Tracy paced slowly toward the house. "It's the first open fight, Bill. And we were lucky, breakin' even."

"Even?" protested Bill Vivian. "We drove 'em off, didn't we?"

"We drove 'em off, but they win the place. That's even."

"What kind of arithmetic you usin'?" grumbled Vivian.

"They'll come again. Next time all of TS will be here. Next time they can have it. From now on, Bill, this is a run-and-jump affair. Come on—we move out."

Vivian grumbled, but said nothing. He had always accepted Hugh's leadership without question and he did so now. Five minutes later the three of them were riding single file through the trees. Scouting the arena carefully, they pulled to the top of Mogul's rim and at that point Hugh curved into the northeast, passed the rock cairn and led away into the hidden reaches of the night; without speech, full of heavy and rebellious thoughts.

Bill said: "What's life but a lease on somethin' which ain't permanent nohow? Me, I'm so far behind in my rent that any time I cash in now I win."

BILL VIVIAN drank a little cold coffee out of the common can and wiped the beaded sweat from his face. "Somebody," he grumbled, "says an empty stomach makes a clear head for thinkin'. But what fool would bother about thinkin' in a dumb country like this?"

From the ridge on which they were hidden, Mogul's tawny floor lay visible east and west, throwing up heat whorls all the day through. South, a bay of pines shut out whatever went on around the spur; and to the north the low hills closed the horizon. Flat on his stomach, Hugh Tracy watched the edges of distance. Throughout the morning nothing happened.

About one o'clock a long banner of dust appeared over on TS territory, rolled heavily and subsided. For a long while the burning glare yonder remained unbroken; but around three a steady point showed up on the TS road, throwing a still thicker dust fog above, and presently Tracy recognized the advance of a considerable body of cattle. In another hour the driven herd swung to the east and the intervening trees shut it from sight; but he knew Shadrow's occupation of the spur had at last taken place.

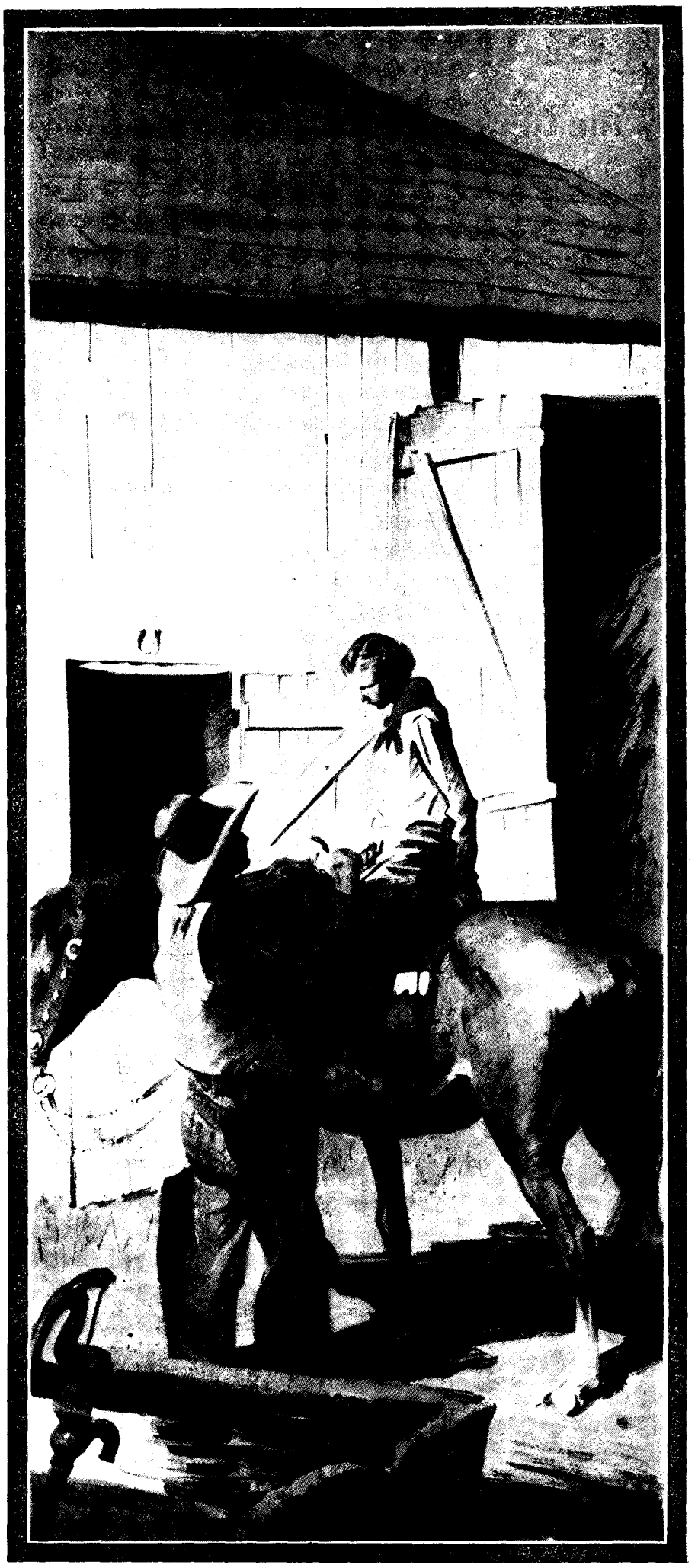
Tracy's ranging glance, not satisfied, passed to the west. Something went on there as well. One rider struck out from an arroyo and took up a rising and falling advance, utilizing each low area he came upon. Still farther westward a thin blur broke the brassy shield of light, stood suspended against it a moment and vanished. Meanwhile, the nearer rider disappeared.

"Shadrow," opined Bill Vivian, "is goin' to take another hack at the Testervis bunch."

Willy Bones said, "Look here," from the opposite side of the depression—almost the only words he had spoken during the day. Tracy and Vivian walked across the bowl together and lifted themselves to the edge. Half a dozen riders came along the Testervis road, appeared directly beneath the watchers and plunged into the southerly trees.

"On the scout," guessed Vivian. "And they'll come back twice as fast when they sight that herd."

He was mistaken. A long dragging hour passed and beyond six the sun plunged from sight. The distance was empty of movement—and the Testervis hands made no reappearance. Tracy turned from the edge of the depression.



Matt Clark

"I don't see anything but defeat for us, Hugh. Oh, be careful!"

"You waited all day," said Vivian, "an' what for?"

"For a break we might use," answered Tracy.

"None came."

"None came," agreed Tracy. "You know what sort of a fight we have to make, don't you?"

"Sure. Bite 'em on the tail and run like the devil."

"Exactly."

"Providin'," amended Vivian, "we ever get close enough to do any bitin'. Shadrow knows what we're up against. He'll see we don't get any chance to operate."

"He's got a young army," said Tracy. "All of them just paid hands. Ever hear of a paid hand riskin' his hide

(Continued on page 40)

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In the Saddle

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

LEWIS WILLIAM DOUGLAS has the tram-loading record for Arizona. A tram is a little wooden car used in mines for carrying ore. I should say, having been in only two or three mines in my life, always with a feeling that there would be a cave-in somewhere behind me that would cut off the regular exit and that I should have to crawl upon my hands and knees a thousand or fifteen hundred feet through the little burrows that are provided in every mine as emergency escapes, that making a tram record was a hard and dirty job. Mr. Douglas is now making a new tram record, blasting out and carting away about a quarter of our expensive Federal government in Washington. It is a hard and dirty job, too.

Mr. Douglas does not look a bit like a man who has a tram record in a mine. He is a slender young man who does not look as though he had ever done manual labor and had carried his lunch in a tin dinner pail. The miner's torch on his hat lit up an intellectual face.

He looks salt-water college; at a glance you would say Harvard; as a matter of fact he is Amherst and M. I. T. He was for a year an instructor in Amherst at the behest of President Meiklejohn, who tried to reduce education to its essentials and whom Mr. Douglas regards as one of the great teachers of today. And Mr. Douglas afterward taught chemistry for a while in a school at Tarrytown, New York.

In the House of Representatives, where Mr. Douglas had served three terms and was just about to begin his fourth term when President Roosevelt made him his Budget Director, he was regarded as an aristocrat, which is an unfortunate reputation to have in the House, especially for a Democrat. "Son of the richest man in Arizona," was his label. I don't think I have ever heard him mentioned without these words. They were very handy in discrediting his fight in the House to stop the rapidly mounting pension bill from bankrupting the Federal government, for it could be said that, as "the son of the richest man in Arizona," he was naturally indifferent to the prospect of a pension himself.

A Man Outside the Herd

Except for his reputed wealth he was a dangerous opponent of the pension graft, for he is himself a veteran, a first lieutenant of the field artillery overseas, cited by General Pershing in the Argonne offensive and decorated by the Belgian government during the Lys-Escaut offensive. As a matter of fact, he is not "the son of the richest man in Arizona" but the son of the president of a company operating in that state a mine that is practically worked out. He is not wealthy. I have his own word for it.

He is something better than that. He is a person. He thinks for himself. He probably could never have got very far in the House, because he does not go with the herd. Maybe he is a product of Dr. Meiklejohn's education, the object of which is not to cram the head full of facts but to train the head to think.

Here's an odd indication of how he goes his own way: he rides to his office in the Treasury Building on a bicycle. He always rode to the House of Representatives and back to his home in Georgetown on a bicycle. Convention, of course, is for a limousine for Cabinet members, and he is next door to a Cabinet member, but during daylight hours he sticks to his bicycle, for exercise. Recently his duties have kept him long after hours in his office, thereby restricting his favorite pastime. That gloomy old edifice, the Treasury Building, must have been upset to find a parking place for a bicycle.

So you see he is free from self-consciousness. That may be why they regard him as an aristocrat in the House—for the best quality in an aristocrat is freedom from compulsion to conform, freedom from that self-consciousness that makes a man take on the protective coloring of thinking, acting, and being like everybody else.

But perhaps I am overdoing this, and suggesting that he is a crank with a chip on his shoulder, or a sourbelly who is at odds with the world. He doesn't wear his hair long. He doesn't try to make converts to the bicycle. It does not offend him in the least that other men prefer limousines. He doesn't carry his addiction to the bicycle so far as to go out to dinner parties in full dress and a high hat upon that humble mechanism. He does not pretend that he rides a bicycle to save the Federal government five dollars a day. For his own reasons he likes to ride a bicycle and he rides it.

That is, Douglas is the kind of man who can be individual without being eccentric. He is modest and not self-assertive, in spite of his independence of mind and his habit of not accepting automatically the standard of values prevailing in Washington. He is natural, at ease among men, affable, rather gay and lively, soft spoken, well-mannered. He is a brave man who does not parade his bravery.

He is an independent man who is not all elbows and sharp corners. He does not make a virtue of the qualities that distinguish him from time-servers in Washington. He goes his own way, without making any fuss about it. He is Emerson's man who could be himself in a crowd, without telling the crowd all about it. He is, I should say, Dr. Meiklejohn's idea of an educated man, one who has his own standard of values, neither accepting the world nor rejecting it.

Bicycling is Budget Director Douglas' favorite exercise

Douglas owes his appointment as Budget Director to the fact that he was the chief advocate in the House of Representatives of a reduction in the allowance to veterans. More than anyone else in Congress he emphasized the fact that the lavishness of the government in granting pensions could lead only to Federal bankruptcy. He served as a member of the special House Committee on Economy last year, which failed to have its recommendations for cutting the Federal budget accepted by Congress. Even the committee itself had a hard time agreeing upon economies, for almost every member of it, while favoring economy in general, was reluctant to approve any particular economy. It was bombarded incessantly by the veterans' organizations, which insisted that pensions should not be touched.

The organized government employees threatened reprisals at the polls if the pay roll was cut. Union labor fought against the government's reducing wages, for fear that the example would influence private employers. The postal clerks, greatly feared by Congress, made their influence felt against economy. A proposal to cut off any function of the government, no matter how obscure and little known, invariably brought protests from some Chamber of Commerce or some trade association. About all that was accomplished in a year of attempting to reduce Federal expenses was to show that if the government was to be saved from bankruptcy it would have to be by some other agency than Congress.

A Challenge to Privilege

This demonstration led this year to Mr. Garner's proposal that the job of avoiding bankruptcy be turned over to the President, with arbitrary power to act. And because half of the savings the government could make would have to come out of pensions, because Mr. Douglas saw this more surely than anyone else in Washington and because he himself was a veteran, he was picked out to be President Roosevelt's director of the budget.

Mr. Douglas' own experience when he came up for reëlection to Congress last November after leading the fight to cut the cost of the veterans to the government should put a grain or two of courage into the breasts of timid souls in the House and Senate. When Mr. Douglas sought a renomination to Congress last year about ninety per cent of the veterans of Arizona were up in arms against him. There are about 4,000,000 veterans in this country. With wives, other relatives and sympathizers, they represent about 10,000,000 votes, one-fourth of the votes of the country. So at least a fifth of the voters of Arizona were up in arms against Mr. Douglas.

If there was one man in the country the national veterans' organizations wished to make an example of it was the present budget dictator. He had his opponents in the Democratic primary. The campaign reached a climax in a big meeting at which all three candidates spoke. The lies one candidate told stirred Douglas' indignation so that when his turn came to reply he made, probably for the first time in his life, an impassioned speech. When he finished, the six thousand people present rose and cheered him.

He carried the primary by a six thousand majority. And on election day in spite of the veterans he led his ticket and won easily. That was a sign that in spite of the cowardliness of most congressmen this is not, after all, a government of the veterans, by the veterans and for the veterans.

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You can see it in city after city where the wheels of industry are turning again: men are marching back to work

Behold the Nation rising to LEADERSHIP!

NO MAN of observant eye can fail to mark the change that has come over America in the past three months.

You can see it in the records which the trained business analyst follows: *commodity prices are surging up.*

You can see it in advertising and in the stores where you go to buy: *retail prices already have made a slight rise.*

You can see it in city after city where the wheels of industry are turning again: *men are marching back to work.*

After three years in which business withered because prices were chiseled lower and lower—in which people feared to spend money and held back lest prices drop still lower—a new spirit of courage and confidence has started people *buying!*

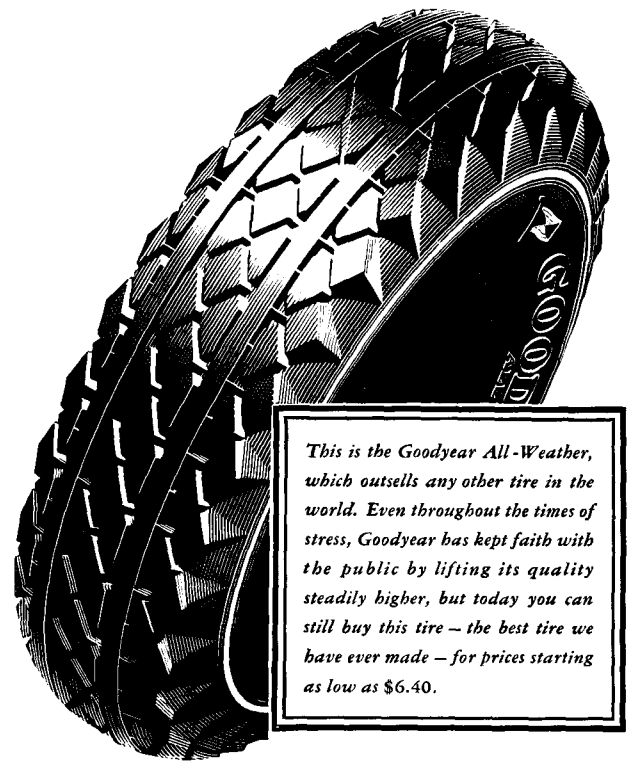
This new spirit, this new courage, is born of a single cause—leadership. This new confidence, expressed in a reviving trade, is the direct result of vision, enterprise, competence concentrated upon a clearly understood task.

JUST as surely as the men and women of America recognize and respond to national leadership, so do they react to leadership in the everyday things of life.

You see proof of that all around you, in every product of repute and popularity that bids for the public favor.

Thus, because Goodyear has built tires for years with the extra safety of traction in the *center* of the tread, where the tire rides on the road—

Because Goodyear has given genuine protection from blowouts in *every* ply of the tire by the use of patented Supertwist cord—a ply material which stands up longer under the constant strains of driving—



This is the Goodyear All-Weather, which outsells any other tire in the world. Even throughout the times of stress, Goodyear has kept faith with the public by lifting its quality steadily higher, but today you can still buy this tire – the best tire we have ever made – for prices starting as low as $6.40.

Because Goodyear for more than a quarter-century has led in the pioneering, improvement and perfection of factors in tire excellence which underlie extraordinary quality and value—

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!

IN THE past months when money was scarce, and car owners needed the utmost value for every dollar, Goodyear brought the prices of the finest tires within reach of everyone—*not* by reducing quality, but by eliminating waste, increasing efficiency, through concentrating on two main lines of tires.

You can buy these tires today—the world-famed All-Weather or the thrifty Pathfinder—at prices still near the lowest level of all time.

No man can tell how soon or how much tire prices will go higher, but if mounting raw materials costs mean anything it is wise foresight to buy the tires now that you will need for the balance of 1933.

You get two things: the best tires that Goodyear ever built, and prices lower than you may ever see again.

P. W. Litchfield

PRESIDENT
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

GOODYEAR

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Stop Lying to Investors

Continued from page 11

carried as live assets. The depreciation account was mangled so that it would not reflect true depreciation.

"The trick that was played on the certified public accountant by such men as Foshay was to allow the accountant to make what were known as 'comments' and add them to his audit. These comments, which would be short notes, would make certain reservations, such as saying that 'this surplus includes millions of dollars in appreciation of assets.' Then, when the company would present the accountant's report to its stockholders, it would not include the comments."

That was the sort of accountants' reports that the public had to lean on, during the boom days, though we must grant that it didn't do much leaning; it went ahead for the most part without studying or reading reports. But in the big business fix-up which at this very moment is under way in this nation it will be imperative for certified public accountants to present full and complete reports concerning corporations, their structure and their real wealth.

How and Why

Now out of the ruck of courtroom stories concerning promoter crookedness here's the sort of honest and complete accountant's audit which Horowitz has devised. It covers the leak-holes in unsafe investments which have come to light in the stories of cheated investors. He describes it this way:

"Any corporation which wishes to tell the whole truth to the public must provide that a certified public accountant shall certify to these points about its business:

1. "That all property, plants, other physical assets and securities are carried at cost or market price, whichever is lower."

This prevents "appreciation" of assets.

2. "That adequate depreciation, depletion, amortization and obsolescence has been charged off (in most cases at a rate not less than that permitted for income tax purposes)."

This prevents the overstatement of earnings.

3. "That no intangibles such as going-concern value, patents, franchise rights, are carried as assets, except where they represent a definite cash outlay."

This prevents the inflation of surplus by means of hocus-pocus.

4. "That no item represents a profit resulting from transactions with affiliated, controlled, subsidiary or parent corporations."

This prevents fictitious earnings from being set up. It also prevents the milking of a subsidiary corporation by its parent corporation.

5. "That each note, debt or other obligation due to or from affiliated, controlled, subsidiary or parent corporations, be separately listed and accurately described."

This prevents the division of assets by means of inter-company loans and the like.

6. "That no part of the surplus was created by reorganizing or the sale of the company's own securities."

This prevents a corporation with a deficit from reorganizing under the Delaware (and some other states) laws and converting this deficit to a surplus. All the proceeds of the sale of a company's own stock is capital. None of it is surplus available for dividends.

7. "That dividends have been paid out of earned surplus."

This prevents the payment of dividends out of capital. The easiest way to sell stocks is to show a record of dividends, but the dividends should be earned.

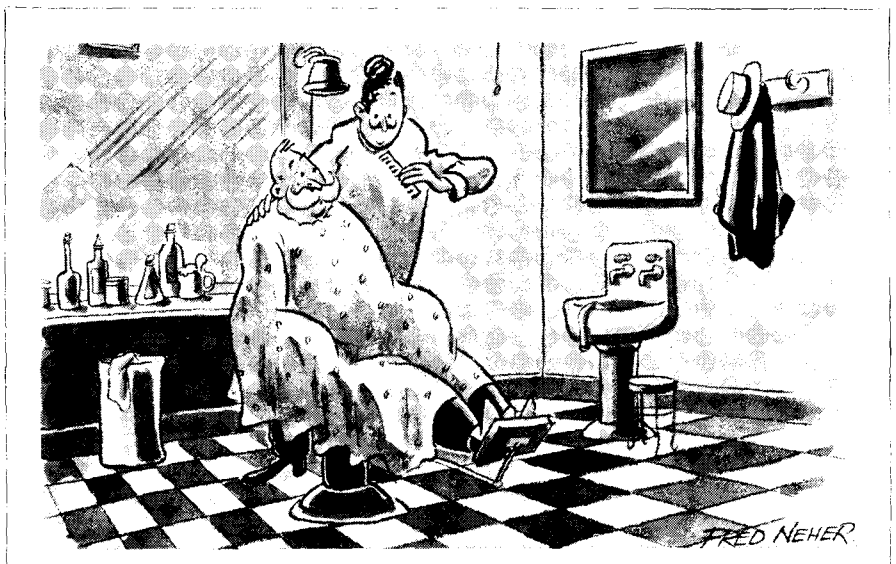
8. "That full access was permitted to examine all minutes, contracts, books and records of affiliated, controlled, subsidiary or parent corporations."

This gives the accountant the full picture.

"And to top it all off," added Mr. Horowitz, "and make it sound, the certified accountant making such an audit should never certify a profit and loss statement separately from an analysis of the surplus account."

It is entirely possible for a corporation to have its profit and loss statement legitimately show a gain of one million dollars and at the same time there may be legitimate charges in the surplus account of two million dollars, so that the corporation is one million dollars worse off at the end of the year than it was at the beginning of the year—and yet the profit and loss statement standing alone would show a gain of one million dollars.

"And the beauty of such form of report," continued Mr. Horowitz, "would be that it would not be necessary to pass new laws to create it.



"A shave and a haircut—and spin me around a few times, Tony!" *Fred Neher*

"A certified public accountant who made a report along these full and complete lines and who failed to tell the truth or included fuzzy items in it would get into trouble immediately. There's a good stiff law waiting right around the corner for him. It's the good, effective old law against using the mails to defraud. A very easy law to enforce. It throws the certified accountant, who makes such a report and includes therein a lie, right into jail with the promoter."

Between Two Opinions

Certified public accountants and appraisers who have seen Mr. Horowitz's "audit" and who are as earnest as he in the desire to secure bed-rock honest accounting do not entirely agree with all the details of his plan. They believe that true appraising of the value of a plant, for instance, would sometimes be very difficult, based, as it necessarily would be, on what the plant could be sold for at any certain time. An accountant, too, would have great difficulty, they say, in measuring obsolescence and depletion. They believe that intangibles such as going-concern value, good will, etc., which in many cases grow out of national advertising, are entitled to be carried as assets and that, in some instances, the payment of dividends out of capital surplus is well justified.

However, Mr. Horowitz is a courtroom lawyer who has built his audit plan around lies to investors which have come to his attention in the courtroom, while the certified public accountants undoubtedly have an experience with the established details and difficulties of appraisal, auditing and accounting that goes beyond the lawyer's ken.

Perhaps somewhere between the two opinions lies the principle of honest and truthful auditing.

C. P. A. Responsibility

The accountants admit that the plan would provide blue-steel honesty in public accounting. No crooked promoter could hide anything in an audit of that sort. But Mr. Horowitz continues:

"I would not, however, insist by law that all accountants make such a report. Those who wish to make the old-time vague report would be allowed to do so, but the very vagueness of their audit would serve as a red light and earmark them as dangerous. It might also carry the really crooked ones into lawsuits or into jail."

And here's one other thing to settle in the big fix-up: To whom is a certified public accountant responsible? I mean an accountant who knows that his report will go to the public and will be used to sell stocks and bonds.

Merely to the firm or man who hires him? That wouldn't be right. The accountant who would work on such terms and who would be willing merely to take the evasive figures that the employing firm gives him and put his worthless O. K. on them, knowing that the investing public would depend on his audit, must necessarily be a man of low character. Why have certified accountants at all under such an arrangement?

Or, second, is he responsible to two parties, who jointly hire him so that each party may get from him certain facts? That may be cockeyed, too, for the two parties may be the Messrs. Foshay, number one and number two, who wish to fool the public.

In England a company itself does not employ a certified accountant. The *stockholders* hire him and he investigates the company, and reports not to the board of directors but to the *stockholders*. He can go to jail for not giving complete facts to them. In the United States the accountant is hired by the company officials or directors, who use his audit in a report to the board and stockholders and, perhaps, the public.

The third question has fangs in it. It is: Is the certified public accountant, who receives his charter from the state, responsible to a third party—the public?

He is, positively. A legal ruling about seven years old, written by Judge Benjamin Cardozo before he became a member of the United States Supreme Court, refixed this responsibility in American law. It's an old principle, newly brought out and brushed up for present-day use. During the old boom days no one took advantage of it. But it reëmphasizes this fact:

A citizen who depends upon an audit intended for the use of the public and loses money through fraud or negligence of the accountant in such audit may sue the accountant.

And that isn't going the full limit either. In Great Britain a chartered accountant may be criminally charged with fraud if he fails to put a third party on guard against the true state of facts. It was an omission of *full* facts in a prospectus that sent Lord Kylsant, head of British shipping interests, to jail in England for fraud—"A fraud," as the British court said, "not in the sense of what it stated but in the sense of what it concealed or omitted."

In the United States our certified public accountants must be enabled by all those who handle other people's money to tell us the truth, and the truth must be earmarked so that we shall be able to know that an audit tells the full story and contains no secrets.

Nothing but the Truth

But, to be able to tell the full truth, keeping back no secrets, an accountant must be independent, like a doctor who makes a diagnosis. He must be his own man's man on the job, owing no other duty to anyone, aside from telling the full truth and hiding nothing. One of the newest rules of the New York Stock Exchange is that all companies seeking listing thereon must have independent audits, by an accountant whose only interest is to get and tell the truth about the company's finances. By this plan the accountant is responsible to the exchange, not to the company that he is examining.

We Americans have been moving faster than any other nation on earth in the development of ideas. Not so many years ago, the idea prevailed among us that a wage-earner was only a wage-earner; no more. But abruptly a new idea arose. We discovered that a wage-earner was also a consumer. He must be paid high wages so that he, himself, could buy freely.

And we were just on the edge of a third new idea, in the late 1920's. And it's an idea that we shall not drop. We followed it once and we'll follow it again. It's an idea that's here to stay, and it will make a better and richer America. It's this:

In addition to being earners and consumers we shall also be investors. But our investments must be safe from dishonesty, secrecy and misrepresentation.

"It is certain," says Mr. Whitney, "that the task of reconstruction cannot be accomplished without the steady investment of the savings of individuals." Which means you and me and everybody else.

"*There is*," Mr. Whitney adds, "*no substitute for this way of raising capital.*"

Industry needs our savings. But it will have to tell us the truth before it gets them.

Honest audits are imperative.

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Through the Cabin Window

Continued from page 21

and two of them were the ones from which the coupons had been cut that had been found in Solan's pockets.

"Here's your case, O'Malley," I declared exultantly. "Alshuler killed the old man and took the bonds and hid them. Probably he'd had some drinks uptown. When he got back and looked in the cabin he saw Solan handling the bonds. He stepped back on the wharf and got the iron bolt and killed the old man and took the bonds and hid them. Then he called the police."

"If he done the murder he'd ought to have had some blood on him."

"He changed his clothes and dropped the other ones overboard before he notified the police."

We went back into the larger cabin.

"You act like you was washing your hands," O'Malley directed me, "while I go up above and see if I can see you the way Tadden said."

I went and pretended to wash my hands. It was a tiny window and close down to the deck.

"Could you see me?" I asked when he came back downstairs.

"Sure I could see you. I could see your hands and arms and shoulders and part of your body and a little of your chin. I couldn't see no more, though."

We took the bonds to headquarters and gave them to the inspector and he sent for Alshuler.

"What have you got to say to this, Eddie?" the inspector asked.

Alshuler studied us with his weasel face and shifting eyes, and seemed to think. He looked like some small, bloodthirsty, cornered animal.

"Sure I took the bonds," he said at last, "after I found the old man dead. He didn't have no folks and they belonged to me as much as anybody, and I knew where he kept 'em. I suppose you think I'd ought to have left 'em for you cops."

"Smart lad!" the chief informed him.

We went outside.

"You made quick work of that case, O'Malley," I congratulated him.

"Yeah. I didn't hear the inspector say I was taken off of it, so I guess I'm still on it, and I'd like to find out some more about this Captain Solan."

"What's to find out?" I asked. "He was in the Navy and then with a steamship company and when he got old he got a job aboard a coal barge."

"Yeah, I guess I won't find out no more than just that," he answered.

WE PARTED and I didn't see him for a couple of days and then I met him walking along Spring Street.

"Anything more about Solan?" I inquired.

"No; not about him. His life was like you said. But now I got to take a little sea voyage down to the lower bay."

I went along. A police launch with a couple of plain-clothes men and a uniformed officer was waiting for us and we put-putted down the harbor to the lower bay, where a dingy tramp was rolling at her anchors in the tide.

"You got a man aboard named James Park?" O'Malley asked the skipper.

"We have."

A seaman took us down below to where a big, white-haired man was lying in a bunk.

"Get your coat on, Jim," O'Malley said to him. "We want you."

He got up and put on his coat. A Statue of Liberty was tattooed on one of his forearms and a warship on the other. Under the statue were the letters J. P. and under the warship C. S.

We took him to headquarters and Park and O'Malley went into the inspector's room but I stayed outside. After a while the two came out together.

"Park killed him. You tell it, Park."

"Why," Park explained, without much hesitation, "I and this Charlie Solan, from boys up, were pals. We went into the Navy together and figured we'd stick together all our lives. We did everything together and got tattooed alike, with our two initials put on both of us. Then I got married. That didn't seem to make any difference; Charlie and me and my wife all went around together. Then he shipped on a freighter and I never heard from him again.

"A little after that my wife left me and I couldn't ever find out why or where she went. I never connected her and him, and I didn't see him again for about twenty years. Ten days ago I got into New York on that tramp from Rio de Janeiro and in the harbor I saw a man on a barge that looked like him. I figured to look my old pal up and was mighty glad to see him; but when I found him, there was my wife's picture looking at me on his cabin wall.

"That was the first I knew that when she left me she had gone to him. I taxed him with it and he told it plain enough. It was all old stuff to him, but to me it was like it had just happened. It all come over me how them two had made a fool out of me for twenty years, and so I knocked him off. I'm glad I did."

They locked him up.

"THAT'S all very well, O'Malley," I objected, "but how did you find this out?"

"Well, this crime didn't look right to me from the first. I couldn't think a little sneaky guy like that Alshuler would knock off a big guy like Captain Solan; and if he did, he wouldn't have sent for the police; he'd have lit out. The hardest kind of crime to solve is one where there's a plain reason who did it and why it was done, but the real reason and person is one that nobody ever thinks of. Tadden was honest in saying he seen Solan on the barge just before Alshuler got there; he thought he did. But that didn't hardly leave time for the murder to take place if Alshuler didn't do it.

"Then I looked at you through the cabin window washing your hands and I could only see a part of you. So maybe Tadden hadn't really seen Solan but someone he thought was him, and that guy would be the murderer and he was washing the blood off of him when Tadden seen him. Of course I didn't have no hunch that the two had been tattooed alike, which was what fooled Tadden; but he must have seen somebody about Solan's age and in some ways like him. The only way to find that guy was to dig up Solan's past life.

"We found some papers showing where he'd been and a picture of two young guys in navy uniform, one of whom was him. I asked around among a lot of old seafarin' guys who the other one was and he turned out to be named Park. So then I traced down Park. If he was anywheres near New York last Sunday he was open to suspicion, and I found he'd got in New York a week before from Rio de Janeiro. So then we pinched him. . . ."

"It was a wonderful piece of police work," I commended him, "and Alshuler owes you a lot of gratitude. You certainly saved him from the chair."

"I won't get no thanks from Alshuler. That kind of guy wouldn't think he owed nothing to nobody even if you made him police commissioner."

DR. LECLERC, *of* PARIS, *says*—

"Her skin soon cleared up *after eating yeast** "

DR. LECLERC, who describes this typical case from his practice, was physician to the great Marshal Foch during the War. He is also lecturer at the Faculté de Médecine de Paris.

This great doctor states:—

"In 1852 Mosse first reported his studies on the remarkable action of yeast in skin disorders . . . Fresh yeast induces normal action of the intestines . . . prevents the formation of toxins that . . . are one of the most frequent causes of skin eruptions. *It is the foremost agent for correcting constipation and 'toning' the system generally.*"

If you're not now eating yeast, it is easy to do so. Every grocer and most soda fountains and restaurants sell Fleischmann's Yeast today.

"Patient had a widely spread rash of acne on face and chest, with disfiguring red and violet patches . . . A short course of treatment with yeast restored the clearness of her complexion . . . I have had great success in my medical practice with fresh yeast."

Dr. Henri Leclerc

(Dr. Henri Leclerc, famous Paris physician)

"MY COMPLEXION was rough," *writes* Miss Kathryn Shea *of Brooklyn, N. Y.*, "and I felt completely run down . . . I knew if I could get rid of the poisons in my system I'd feel better.

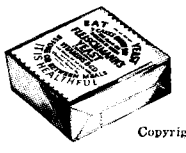
"So I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast . . . The first improvement was in my complexion, which became smooth. My sluggishness is gone, too. Everything is different, now."

Eaten daily—3 cakes a day—before meals or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast softens the waste masses that collect in "tired" intestines. At the same time it actually *strengthens* the muscles that clear these wastes away easily and regularly.

Thus daily evacuations are brought about. Poisons go. And, as a result, skin blotches and blackheads, boils and pimples no longer have their old excuse to form!

Try this simple method to clear *your* skin and get back energy! You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water, you know. Why not start to eat it today?

* **IMPORTANT!** **Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend.**



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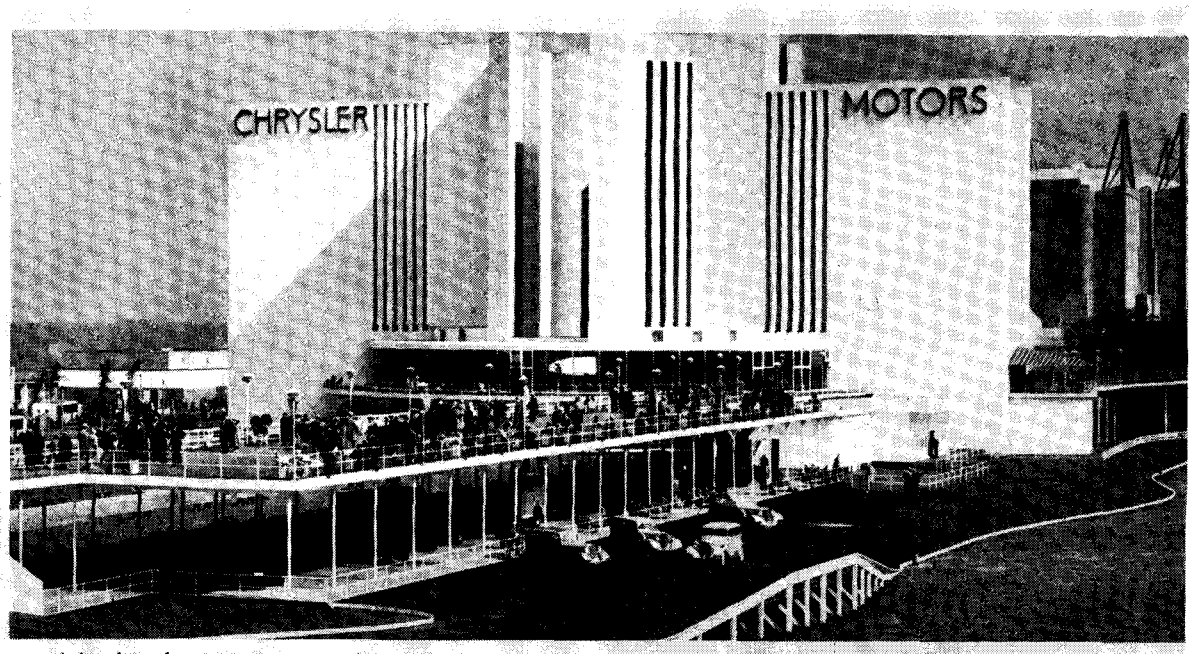
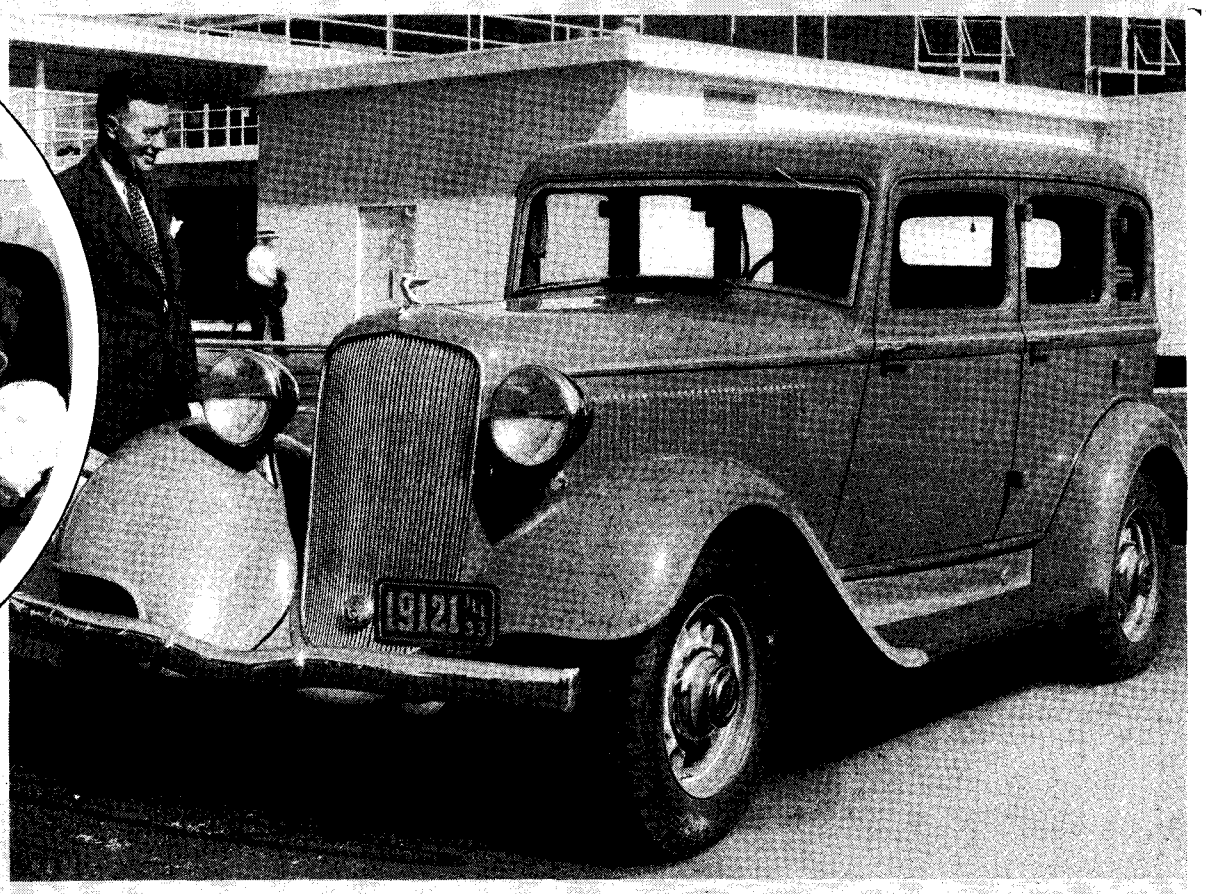
"I'll say it's a WHEN THEY BUILD A

"BUY A NEW CAR? That was the last thought in my mind when I flew to my new post at the Army Aeronautical Exhibit at the Century of Progress. I dropped in at the Chrysler Motors Exhibit one day and was so much impressed with their engineering demonstrations that I actually bought a car. I haven't driven it a great deal, but so far it certainly is a sweet running automobile. The features I particularly like are Floating Power engine mountings and Hydraulic Brakes."



A landmark of "A Century of Progress"... the Chrysler Motors Exhibit where Chrysler engineering is explained in interesting exhibits... and where Barney Oldfield takes visitors for a ride on the nearby track.

BARNEY OLDFIELD HIMSELF—in person! You'll get a thrill meeting him—and another when he takes you for a ride around the Chrysler Motors test track right on the exhibition grounds! This grand old man of motors knows his cars—and you ought to hear *him* sing Plymouth's praises! Don't forget to look up Barney when you go to the Chrysler Motors Exhibit.



Pictured above is Mr. Somers and his new De Luxe Plymouth Sedan, photographed just outside the Chrysler Motors Exhibit, Century of Progress at Chicago. You'll agree that Plymouth is smartly styled.

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

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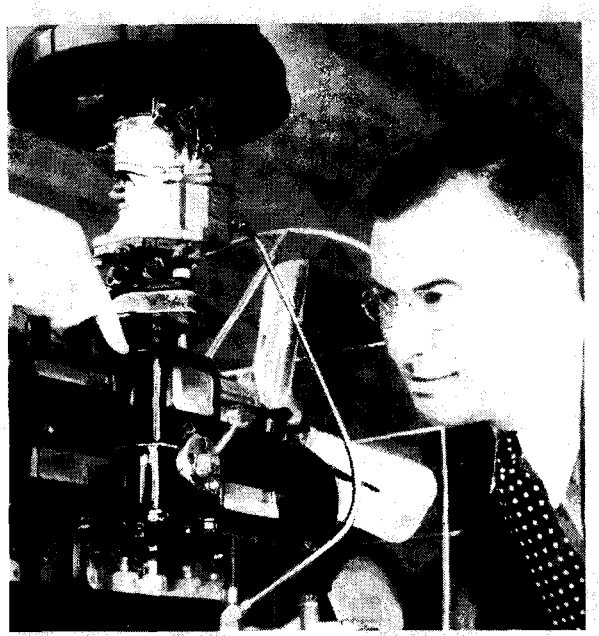
Century of Progress—

CAR LIKE PLYMOUTH FOR ONLY $445!"



Plymouth's 70 horsepower engine means you get full power on all cylinders! You'll *like* that idea!

Safety-steel bodies! Steel construction is the modern thing. Look at our modern planes!

WITH PATENTED FLOATING POWER

A Certified Interview with Mr. Stanley Somers Aeronautical Engineer Dayton, Ohio

HAVE you been reading these Plymouth ads where we interview actual owners and then tell you what they say?

Recently, we sent one of our investigators to the Chrysler Motors Exhibit at the Century of Progress in Chicago. And he brings back this interesting story.

It seems Stanley Somers, an Aeronautical Engineer from Dayton, dropped in at the Chrysler Motors Exhibit to see what was going on.

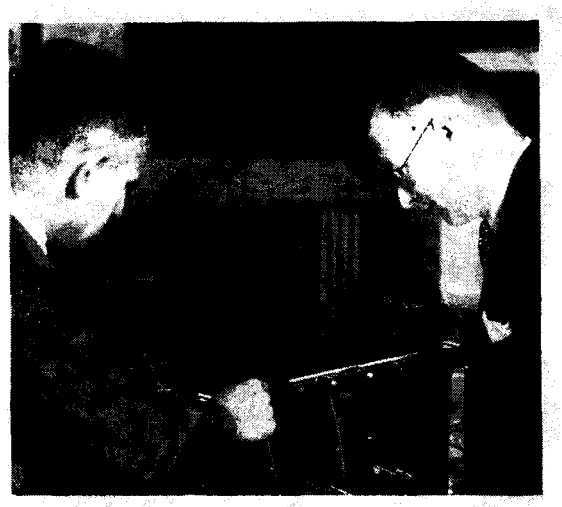
He didn't have an idea in the world of buying a new automobile. But being an engineer he was naturally interested in the Floating Power engine mountings demonstration. He watched the Hydraulic Brake tests for awhile. As a matter of fact he went through the whole exhibit rather carefully... and it made such a profound impression on him, he ended up by actually buying a car.

"To tell you the honest truth," said Somers, "I didn't actually need a car. But I was so impressed with the fine engineering of the new Plymouth, I just wanted one. I'll say it's a Century of Progress when you can build a car like this for $445."

We hope you'll come to the Century of Progress and visit the Chrysler Motors Exhibit . . . whether you buy a car or not. And if by chance you are thinking of buying a new car, we think there's a lesson in this simple story. When an engineer *sells himself* a Plymouth by seeing how it's made... don't you think you ought to at least look at this car before you buy?

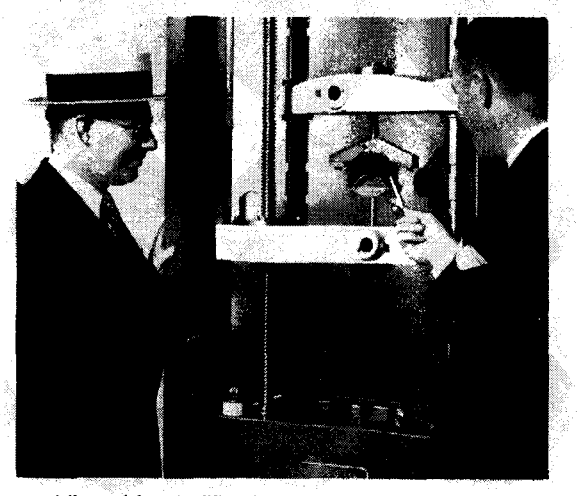
$445

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT



Note this interesting test! Picture shows the flex and fold test given all Plymouth fabrics.

Look at that test! . . . Conventional frames deflect 9 inches! Rigid-X frames *one* inch!



The rubber in Floating Power engine mountings is tough enough to lift the whole car!

PRICED AS LOW AS THE *LOWEST!* Standard: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; conv. coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. Prices are F. O. B. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice.

See PLYMOUTH at Chrysler Motors Building, Chicago Century of Progress

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 18

dew-soaked and chilly, and some of the midsummer days shrouded with fog, too.

But this was not California. And sometimes her three companions did not seem to be the same three who had started with her, either. Chris had only grown a little graver and older; his laugh was as delightful when it did come, and his fineness and cleverness and charm were just the same.

But Mack had become critical, hating—scorning it all, despising the very appreciation his own firm had shown for his extraordinary and easy talents, sneering at the actual checks that he—to Fanny's simple awe, was already able to deposit in the bank week after week.

And Madge had changed most of all. To begin with, the big city had frightened her; frightened her into a mood of continual uneasiness. And of the uneasiness had come a certain parsimony; Madge's monthly hundred dollars were all-important to her now; she was anxious, fearful about not only her finances but those of other persons; she talked of the depression, the national debt, the world crisis without—Fanny noted—ever really having studied any question of the hour.

For the rest Madge was oddly happy. She was working with one Mrs. Brunton in a little stable-theater down on Christopher Street. There was no salary in it, but it was not far from the room the girls shared, and Madge could walk through the autumn streets every morning feeling personally secure and comfortable in the city of insecurity and discomfort, and chat with Mrs. Brunton and Mary Brunton and Miss Merton and Phyllis Maitland behind the scenes, and plan great things, if ever the "Peter Pepper" got a real start.

And with all this, and the difference between her position and Fanny's, and the added fact that Madge was more in love with Mack than ever, and Mack, in his negligent way, beginning to return her feeling, Fanny somehow felt that she had lost Madge. They roomed together—Madge paying the entire sixteen dollars splendidly, and often paying other little bills as well—a laundry or cleaner's bill, and always saying prettily, "Oh, please, Fan!" if Fanny protested. But there was not the old feeling between them.

MADGE was complacent in the possession of an income, in the assurance that she was young and rich and popular and pretty and beloved by the man she loved. She could overlook what she did not like in the big city because she could go back to California whenever she liked; New York was only an adventure for her. With Fanny it was all different.

Fanny had had, from that first dreadful night in the Carpathian, a sense of destiny. Good or bad, hard or easy, she belonged here. The swarming thousands on Broadway, the packed subways, the sticky, merciless heat that settled down over the great buildings and the breathless streets, the smallness and the bigness, the ugliness and the strange, wild beauty of it were all hers; in conquering it she would somehow conquer Fanny Furness, too, and conquer the world.

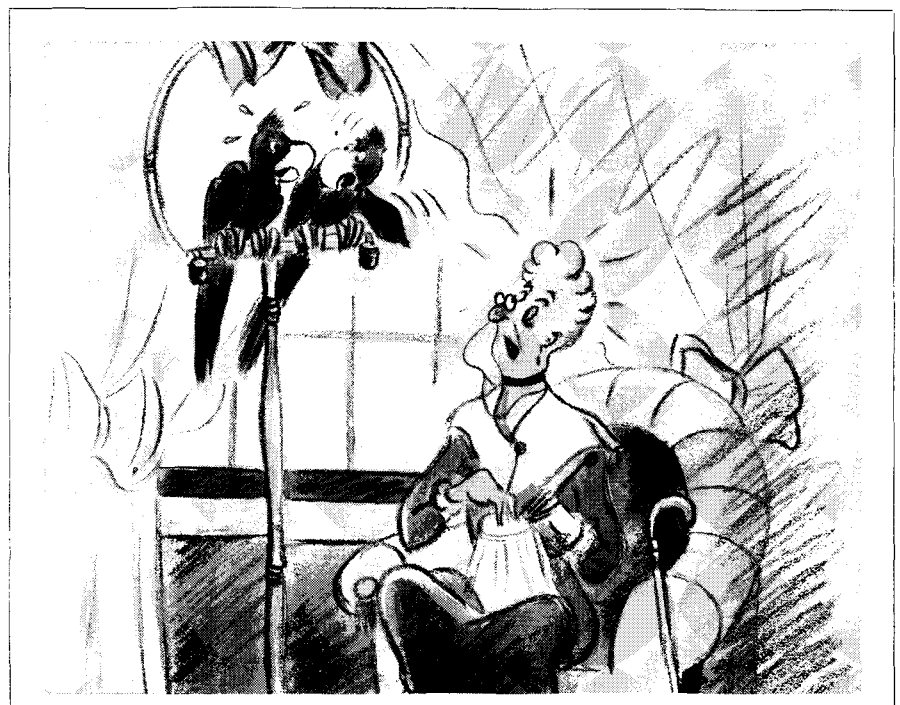
Only Chris—and he unconsciously—shared with her this attitude. He and she marveled, explored, admired. When the first cool days of autumn came they rejoiced as at a personal victory. Chris never talked of going "home"; his talk was all of a future here, and when Madge said gayly that the only way to live in New York was to keep getting out of it, he argued with her conscientiously, carefully.

In October Mack went with a certain radio star on a round of southern cities: Washington, Richmond, Louisville. The itinerary alone dazzled Fanny, but Mack took it casually enough. After he went the two girls began to see more of Chris.

Fanny tried to ignore the significance of this, tried not to think that Chris could not quite bear to be with them when Mack and Madge were so obviously friendly, so obviously warming toward an affair, but she knew it was true.

WHEN Mack came back Chris had gained a foothold with Madge, and they were rivals. Madge went to an opening night with Chris; went away to Long Island for the week-end with Mack to visit his boss. She was prettier, more charming and confident and gay every second. Often she suggested that the disappointed suitor and Fanny "do something." And then Fanny, being very casual and affectionate and sleepy to hide a deep inner hurt, would plead fatigue; she had been counting all day upon getting to bed early!

If it were Chris he never made any pretense at amusing her; he was always "sunk." It had always been a fearful



"Shut up! That old lady repeats everything she hears!"

Elwin Henri

day at the office, and he was going to turn in. But Mack usually made a polite gesture. It might be!

"I'm going over to the offices of the I. B. C. tonight. Bill gave me a pass, and he introduced me to the hostess. I'll get in all right. There's quite a show on this evening. Want to come?"

And then she might go, because she was only twenty, and heartbroken and lonely.

The I. B. C. offices were located on several upper floors of a tall Fifth Avenue building. Fanny liked the atmosphere of "canned amusement," as she called it. She liked the silences, the whispers, the signals, the strange world that moved by seconds, minutes, clocks and gongs.

One night, in a Shakespearean program, Fanny read Portia's lovely lines:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am."

This was in early November, and it was only a few days later that quite unexpectedly the break came, and after that Fanny felt for a while as if she were alone in the city indeed. It came because she could not bear the situation any longer, could not bear to see Chris almost every night, every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and yet know that he came and telephoned and waited and planned only for Madge. Chris always smiled at Fanny as he sat, anxious and handsome and shabby and patient, waiting for Madge, but Fanny knew he hardly saw her at all, cared little that she was alive.

"Fanny," Madge chanced to say on one of these days, "suppose I went on paying the rent out of my allowance, and you stayed here a week or two, and I went to Phyllis Maitland's for a visit? We're having rehearsals—"

"Why not?" Fanny felt that she was speaking from depth upon depth of boredom. "Or why not give up the room, and I'll go to Grandma Behrmann. She has a room for seven dollars a week. She's been offering it to me."

"Oh, but Fanny—!" Fanny could see that Madge was perfectly delighted at the idea. "Could you afford it?"

"That's board," Fanny said simply.

"Board! At seven dollars a week?"

"That's what she charges. She has four young men, who double up in one big room on the top floor, and her room and the one she wants me to take, on the next. It's 'way over in the East Twenties, but that isn't so far for me."

"But the table would be awful."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. I've been there for lunches. It's a little noodley and kartoffley, but it's delicious. Her daughter, who lives downstairs, does most of it. They're all very sentimental and fat," said Fanny, "and they sing on all occasions. I like it."

"Well, but, darling, then when do we *see* each other!" Madge wailed, pressing the ringing telephone against her fresh, sweet cheek, frowning ruefully at Fanny, even while she said: "Yes? Oh, Chris darling, I'd love it, but I can't! Tomorrow night? I'd *love* it."

FANNY moved that night. Chris did not come at all, and Mack and Madge were going to a play. They helped her hilariously into a taxi; Madge embraced her, and Mack paid her fare in advance.

Fanny, alone in the taxi, began to cry forlornly. The dark streets looked sordid and unfriendly and frightening; to be shabby and hard-worked and lonely was not so much fun, New York or anywhere else! But the next day she saw her first snow and took her city to her heart again.

One night just before Christmas Chris came to see her. Fanny had not seen him for two weeks, had not seen Madge. She had had a promotion. Old Dr. Kreutzmann had brought some friends down to see the Salvage Shop, and had talked again to Fanny, and another Kreutzmann, the doctor's brother, duly introduced, had proved to be none other than the big producer. Something Fanny had said had made him laugh, and he had presently been telling her carelessly enough that if she came over to the office on Tuesday, and sent in—here, this card, he would see that she at least had a chance.

"You can hang up dresses just as well over there as here," he said. "And it'll pay you better."

Fanny had not even telephoned Madge. Madge was over in Newark, anyway, with her adored Phyllis; Fanny somehow had not wanted to get in touch with her. The sooner that wound healed, the easier for them all. It was with a great plunge—a suffocating flutter at her heart, that she heard Otto Windenberg shout from downstairs, in the free and easy manner that prevailed at Mrs. Behrmann's: "Fanny, there's a Mr. Thring to see you!"

"Chris!" Fanny came flying downstairs with her tawny hair wet from the comb, and all the skies of June in her eyes. "Chris, my dear, I'm so glad to see you! D'you know it's *weeks?*—What's the matter?"

THE last was added in a different, a sharper tone, as Fanny wheeled him about to the light.

"I don't feel very well," Chris said slowly.

"Chris, what is it?" She had drawn him into the parlor, with its cushions and lace curtains, its shells and statues, its realistic wooden mouse and its realistic china plate of china cookies.

"Madge," Chris said, in a lifeless tone, "has left for California. Mack, too. They're going to be married out there."

"Madge—!" Fanny's voice was only a whisper. "What d'you mean?"

"It's true."

"Oh, Chris!" She was thinking only of him, her face very white. "What—what will you do?" she whispered.

"I've resigned from the office," Chris said, in a hard voice, not looking at her. "I'm going to ship somewhere. I've been down on the docks since—since they told me. I telephoned the Salvage Shop, Fan, but they said you weren't there any more."

"I'm up at the Kreutzmann wardrobe place. The big Kreutzmann, who puts on the shows, is my old doctor's brother, you know. But Chris—Chris, where are you going?"

"Somewhere. Anywhere!" he said vaguely. Fanny had only one look at the misery in his eyes before he stooped suddenly and put his arm about her, kissing the curve of hair at her temple, saying brokenly: "That leaves you alone, you poor kid. You're the only one of us who has any—any guts. I'll let you know how it goes; I'll be back. I'm not ever going to California again, anyway. Goodby, Fan!"

She was crying as she waved him goodby through the dark, wintry street. It was only half past four o'clock, but on one of the shortest days of the year lights were already lighted over the black city; the great bridges, lifting their arches bravely into the cold dusk, were spangled with stars.

"All right, New York," said Fanny, wiping her eyes, blowing her nose. "You haven't licked me yet!"

(To be continued next week)

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Protect your Motor with the Oil that smashes world's records . . . for speed and stamina

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WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOUR ORGANIZATION ON THE WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE
OF YOUR VEEDOL MOTOR OIL AND TYDOL GASOLINE WHICH WERE USED IN CAR 1
DROVE TO FIRST PLACE IN THE NINETEEN THIRTY THREE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY
CLASSIC STOP I BELIEVE THIS TO BE THE FIRST TIME THAT A STRAIGHT
MINERAL OIL HAS BEEN USED SUCCESSFULLY IN A MILLER MOTOR OVER A
LONG DISTANCE RACE
LOUIS MEYER.

Louis Meyer wins 1933 Indianapolis Classic with Veedol Motor Oil . . . at record speed of 104 M.P.H.

No cheap "100% Pennsylvania" motor oil could have kept the 104 miles-per-hour pace for a single lap . . . *but VEEDOL carried this motor safely for 500 gruelling miles.*

No inferior oil of any type—natural or synthetic—could have lasted through the 4 hours and 49 minutes of this terrific grind . . . No improperly refined motor oil could have stood up for even an hour against a heat of 232° for 500 miles . . . *but VEEDOL never faltered once during the entire race.*

And what is true on the speedway is true on the highway. You do not get maximum protection, greatest economy, or highest heat resistance unless you get *100% Pennsylvania at its finest.*

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

100% PENNSYLVANIA AT ITS FINEST

Speed is climbing everywhere. The road speeds of today are the racing speeds of yesterday. There is not a modern car that cannot boast a speed of over 75 M.P.H. . . . It is at high speeds that VEEDOL Motor Oil provides an extra margin of safety . . . The VEEDOL that won the Indianapolis race is the identical motor oil that you can get from thousands of dealers and service stations, in the proper Summer grade for your car.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

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Ditched!

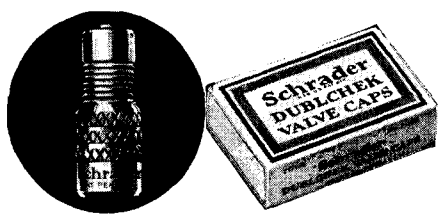
...because a little chore was "too much bother"

IF YOU'VE ever had an under- or over-inflated tire "let go" while traveling "fifty," you've probably had the scare of your life.

Modern tire manufacturers are making tires safer than ever in history. But they can't watch the air pressure needed to keep them so. That's up to *you*. Has it been "too much bother"? Here's a great little helper that'll take the job almost completely off your hands: *Schrader Dublchek*.

Dublchek is a permanently affixed valve cap and the equivalent of an extra *air-tight* valve, *both*. It protects the inner-valve against dust and dirt and permits inflating and testing tires without unscrewing and replacing a thing. Simply snap on the air hose and the air shoots in *right through* the Dublchek. No fussing. No time consuming. No excuse for ever letting your tires become dangerously or wastefully "soft."

More than 100,000 tire, gas and accessory stations and garages sell Schrader products. They'll gladly put Dublcheks on for you—in a few minutes. But—first have your valve cores tested and, if necessary, replaced with fresh Schrader cores. Then—the Dublcheks. The average price of a good spark plug pays for a set. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada —*Makers of pneumatic valves since* 1844.



Be sure it's a Schrader—Look for the name

Schrader Dublcheks are made by the manufacturers of Schrader Metal Valves and Valve Parts, which are recognized as standard and used as initial equipment by tire manufacturers the world over. Millions of sturdy, dependable Schrader Metal Valves have outlived tube and tire. Designed to insure rigidity and efficient operation under all *driving conditions.*

SCHRADER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

Wow of the Week

Continued from page 13

with me," the pretty boy told him with more interest than he had yet displayed. "A man should stand on his own merits."

"Check," said Mike.

The pretty boy traced the pattern in the tablecloth before him for several moments. Then, suddenly, he looked up.

"I—I think I'll reconsider my decision—if I may," he said.

Mike beamed upon him. "It'll be a scream," he promised. "We'll drive down tomorrow morning in my car. It'll only take about two hours. All right? Good. Now we got to have a name for you. Something snooty." He sought snootiness in the bottom of his highball.

"How—how about the Marquis of Rhyde?" suggested the pretty boy. "I—I read it somewhere the other day."

His employer studied the name critically. "It isn't bad," he conceded finally. Then suddenly: "We'll use it, Storme. Now there's one more thing. Your accent's great but you don't use the right words. These people are smart. You can't fool them with a phony. What you want is plenty of the Cheerio, Pip-pip, Dear Old Boy sort of stuff."

"I see," murmured the pretty boy.

"I don't suppose you could handle a monocle," his host wondered reflectively.

The Marquis of Rhyde was positive about that. He couldn't. Mike nodded.

"I didn't think you could," he agreed. "You have to have years of the all-wool behind you for that."

"All-wool?" the pretty boy ventured.

"Class. Lineage. Breeding," his new employer explained impatiently. "Stuff you can't pick up in Hollywood or in a speak."

His Lordship grinned. "Oh, quite," he said lightly. "Exactly, what? Positively ripping of you to spot it, dear old boy. How's that, Mr. Calhoun?"

His employer beamed. "Great!" he applauded. "Immense. You'll go over like a million dollars."

COCKTAILS were just being served on a long, screened-in porch when Mike pulled his roadster to a dramatic halt beside the twenty-two-room summer shack of Bertram Snell.

Burt came down to meet them.

"Hi, Mike," he shouted jovially. "You're just in time. We're just pouring out the life line."

Mike leaned over the wheel. "I brought you a surprise guest," he announced. "I hope you don't mind? The Marquis of Rhyde—Burt Snell."

The marquis leaned over the side of the car and held out his hand.

"Charmed," he said smilingly.

Well, you should have been there! As Mike said afterwards, Burt's face was one of the three funniest things in the world. Obviously the old boy was torn between a desire to tell Mike to quit his kidding and the fear that in so doing he might be insulting a member of the nobility. And Burt frankly admitted as much in telling the story afterwards. As he put it, there was just as much chance that Mike had corralled a marquis as there was that he was pulling a fast one. What really decided him, Burt said, was the boy himself. He looked and acted as authentic as the Indian on the buffalo nickel.

And from the moment his pretty boy stepped on the porch, Mike was as proud of him as he was of his idea. Inwardly, he hugged himself with delight as Storme met the rest of the party. As full of poise, Mike said later, as the Magna Charta itself.

And then there was Claudia Snell.

Frankly, as he told Burt and his wife afterwards, that was one he had not counted on. It was perfectly evident from the first that the speakeasy gigolo saw in the slim, smiling girl of twenty, whose brownness matched his own, a stimulant far beyond that of the cocktail he was sipping.

"But," Mike continued, "I knew that Claudia had her head screwed on the right way, even if she is a little flighty. So I wasn't worried when I saw the way he looked at her after lunch, just as they were starting off to look at the kennels."

As a matter of fact, the walk toward the Sealyhams had begun on a happy note.

"WHAT do you call a marquis when the formalities are all over?" Claudia wanted to know.

The marquis told her that his name was Peter. "People that really like me," he added, "call me Bunny."

"I like that," said Claudia, "even though it doesn't seem romantic enough."

"You go in for romance?"

Claudia Snell wrinkled her small nose.

"With both feet," she assured him. "I think most people do, way down deep in their hearts. Else why does it always happen that the poor little girl who meets the handsome prince is done over and over again? You know what I mean? In the movies, on the stage, in books. Did—did you ever read Monsieur Beaucaire?"

The Marquis of Rhyde confessed ignorance.

"You should," the girl told him earnestly. "Booth Tarkington wrote it. I—I read it every time I get fed up listening to the ups and downs of the machinery business. It makes me want to chew gum and cry."

Her companion lit a cigarette. "Sounds interestin'," he observed. "Tell me about it."

Miss Snell shook her golden head.

"I hate to make a fool of myself," she said, "in the middle of the day, especially before a marquis."

But that evening under the spell of a full harvest moon she relented. The older members of the party were playing bridge, while they sat on the porch and stared at the moon.

"Now, about that fellow who made you want to chew gum and cry—" suggested the Marquis of Rhyde after he had gone through a complete cigarette in silence.

"He was a prince," Claudia told him dreamily, the white metal of the moon outlining her boyish slimness against the wicker chaise-longue. His cousin, Louis the Fifteenth, wanted him to marry Princess Henriette but he wanted to—to marry the girl of his own choice. He didn't want even a king to pick his wife. He wanted to stand on his own feet."

"Stout fella'," applauded the marquis and it was plain that he meant it.

"So he ran away," went on the girl. "He escaped to England as a barber in the suite of the French Ambassador. Then he went to Bath where an English duke cheated him at cards."

"A base libel," asserted her listener with a grin.

"Instead of exposing the man," Claudia continued, "Monsieur Beaucaire—that was the name he assumed, bargained with His Grace of Winterset to take him to a party—they called them routs in those days, didn't they?"

The Marquis of Rhyde was dashed if he knew.

"Because everyone in Bath took him for a barber and a gambler, Monsieur Beaucaire couldn't go places—really nice places, I mean. And . . . there was a girl that did go. A wonderful creature. Monsieur Beaucaire called her a golden-haired angel from heaven. He wanted to meet her."

"Naturally."

Claudia smiled at him. "Her name was Lady Mary Carlisle. Monsieur Beaucaire took the name of M. le Duc de Chateaurien. The Duke of Winterset was naturally infuriated at being compelled to introduce a barber to his friends but he couldn't help himself. But he did promise himself to be avenged on the impostor at the first opportunity. Then when Monsieur Beaucaire met the girl and they fell in love—"

"At first sight?" asked her companion eagerly.

"She threw him a rose."

"Red?"

"Red."

The Marquis of Rhyde sighed.

"After the duke had tried to have Beaucaire killed, he told all the fine gentlemen of Bath that the fellow who was masquerading as a duke was nothing but a barber, and they waylaid him as he was riding beside Lady Mary's carriage. They wounded him, but when he admitted he had come to England as a barber she shuddered and put both hands over her eyes. You—you hate her for that—until afterwards when another French prince and the French Ambassador arrive. Then you feel very sorry for her when she asks Monsieur Beaucaire to forgive her and—and he tells her that there is nothing to forgive. That there is only one person in the world who would not have treated him as she had—and that he was going home to her."

"The girl he left behind him," murmured the pretty boy.

They sat in silence while the harvest moon rode through a sea of light blue tulle. Then Claudia spoke. She said, with a little laugh: "I suppose you think I ought to have my head examined."

"I—I think you're wonderful," the pretty boy told her solemnly.

Her fingers rested lightly, approvingly, on his coat sleeve.

"That was just the right answer," she told him. "You—you are awful nice even though you are a marquis—Bunny."

THERE was one paragraph in the story of the bogus marquis that Burt Snell never failed to inject; one that was conspicuously absent from Mike's tale of his latest stunt. According to Mike he never had so much fun in his life as he did watching the house party making all kinds of fools of themselves over his speakeasy gigolo. According to Burt, the real kick he got out of the gag was the way Mike was hoist on his own petard, so to speak.

"What I mean is this," he explained. "Mike was so used to being the life of the party that when his scheme put somebody else into the middle of the stage you could see that the old boy didn't like it a little bit. And I think the real cause of it was Claudia. Though Mike is pretty near old enough to be her father, a professional bachelor is always a professional bachelor. Though he hasn't an ill-natured bone in his body, I think Mike got more real pleasure in showing up his pretty boy for what he really was than he ever dreamed he would."

As for the Marquis of Rhyde, he lived the week-end, up to seven o'clock Sunday night, as one who thoroughly

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appreciated the soundness of the sufficiency to the day of the evil thereof. He swam with Claudia before breakfast. Later in the morning they played tennis; Mike watched them walking together afterwards. He spoke of it just before the three o'clock dinner.

"Just a little tip, Storme," he said over the top of his cocktail glass. "I saw Burt's daughter give you a rose. What do you suppose she would have handed you if she knew you were a speakeasy gigolo?"

The erstwhile Marquis of Rhyde whitened beneath his tan. His hazel eyes flickered curiously for a gigolo. His hands, thrust deeply into the pockets of his coat, twisted the cloth into two great lumps. Then abruptly the cloth smoothed away.

"Something pretty unpleasant," he admitted quietly. "I think I understand. Sorry."

His employer nodded pleasantly. That ended that.

But not, apparently, for his employee. That young gentleman was still thinking of it as he sat, swinging his long legs, on the top of the table. Burt's daughter sat beside him. It was nearly six o'clock.

"Mr. Calhoun is quite a spoofer," he said, apropos of nothing.

"Mike's a card," Burt's daughter agreed equably. "'Anything for a laugh,' is Mike's motto."

"Anything for a laugh," repeated her companion slowly. Then tapping the table leg with the heel of his brown brogue he wondered aloud: "I—I was just thinking— What would you think if—if this was just another of his—er-r—priceless bits?"

"What?"

"Me," said the marquis simply.

"I still don't understand," said Burt's daughter.

The erstwhile marquis put it to her quickly, almost brutally. "Suppose I was just someone he picked up in a speakeasy?" he asked. "Not a marquis at all. Just—just a person that stands around making a highball last as long as possible. A gigolo. A companion of fat old women. Would you still have given me that rose—this morning?"

CLAUDIA slid off the table and faced him. "Are you trying to tell me that this is just another of Mike's silly jokes?"

"Would you still have given me the rose?" persisted the boy.

"Did Mike pick you up in a speakeasy?"

"Would you still have given me the rose?"

"Are you a marquis?"

"Would you still have given me the rose?"

"Are you being paid for—for this?"

The boy looked down into her small, stern face. "I was hoping," he whispered softly, "that you would say—that you still would have given me that rose. Last night you told me that you got awfully tired of machinery. You told me about Monsieur Beaucaire. Remember?"

Monsieur Beaucaire! Claudia Snell looked up into the anxious hazel eyes that stared down at her so intently. Then she laughed. In it was the wistful sophistication of the child that denies Santa Claus for the first time.

"That was just a story," she told him.

The late Marquis of Rhyde was to leave by the seven-fifty. In his pocket was a check made payable to Peter Storme for one hundred dollars. In his ears there still lingered the echoes of Mike Calhoun's latest stunt for the diversion of customers and wives. Cries of, "You poor nut! How in the world did you ever happen to think of such a thing? What next?"

Everyone was very pleasant about it in a careless sort of way. Not to the extent of asking Peter to stay on and go back to town with the crowd in the morning, but quite pleasant. He had given a finished performance, everyone agreed, but their casual indifference made it plain that the show was over. Even the man who carried his bags down to the waiting car conveyed the impression that he was ushering out someone whose social status was impaired by a suggestion of the bar sinister.

As the late Marquis of Rhyde came down the broad staircase Claudia Snell was standing in the hall below. She looked up. The erstwhile marquis stood still. Monsieur Beaucaire would have appreciated the breathless quality of that moment.

Then Peter Storme went slowly down to her. He started to offer his hand, then withdrew it awkwardly.

"I think it was a mighty poor joke," the girl said suddenly.

"So do I," agreed the erstwhile marquis gravely.

"Why did you do it?"

THE rest of the week-end guests were in the library having cocktails. Mike's booming laughter echoed across the hall.

"Why aren't you in there?" Peter countered. "The show is over."

"Why did you do it?"

"Does it matter?"

The girl stamped her foot. "Tell me," she commanded.

Peter Storme bowed. "I've only a few minutes but you told me a story—now I'll tell one. Once there was a young man. He saw a girl in a restaurant. The man with whom he was dining knew the girl's name. It was Claudia Snell. The young man thought the girl was the most wonderful creature he had ever seen. . . . So when the chance, cheap as it was, to meet her came—he took it.

"Is that all?"

"Not quite. The young man was a romantic bloke. A sort of a throwback to the old-fashioned days when love conquered all. That sort of thing. He thought— He hoped that the girl might be the same sort. Share his stand-on-his-own-feet complex. Silly, wasn't it?"

Somebody in the library turned on the radio.

"Where's Claudia?" they heard Mike shout.

"Great fellow Mike," said Peter with unsteady lightness. "Great sense of humor. I must be getting on, they're looking for you."

"Have you still got that rose?"

"I think the party in the library is breaking up—"

"Have you still got that rose?"

"Yes, but—"

"In that case—" Claudia concentrated her attention on the second button of the gray vest before her—"I'm going to tell you a secret our family hasn't mentioned in years. Grandfather Snell was a butcher!"

Just before he took her in his arms Peter marveled aloud at the extraordinary way things have of coming about.

"So was my alleged great-great-great-great grandfather," he told her. "Look the old boy up in your encyclopedia. Name of Grenville Storme. But keep it quiet for a while if you do— It—it wouldn't do to spoil friend Mike's wow of the week! I—we owe him that much!"

TWO hours later Claudia, a big black and gold book propped up on her knees, found the name; the item read: "Storme, Peter Grenville Villiers (1501-1565), son of Sir Thomas Storme, created (1536) first Marquis of Rhyde by Henry VIII for services in connection with the beheading of Anne Boleyn, and others."

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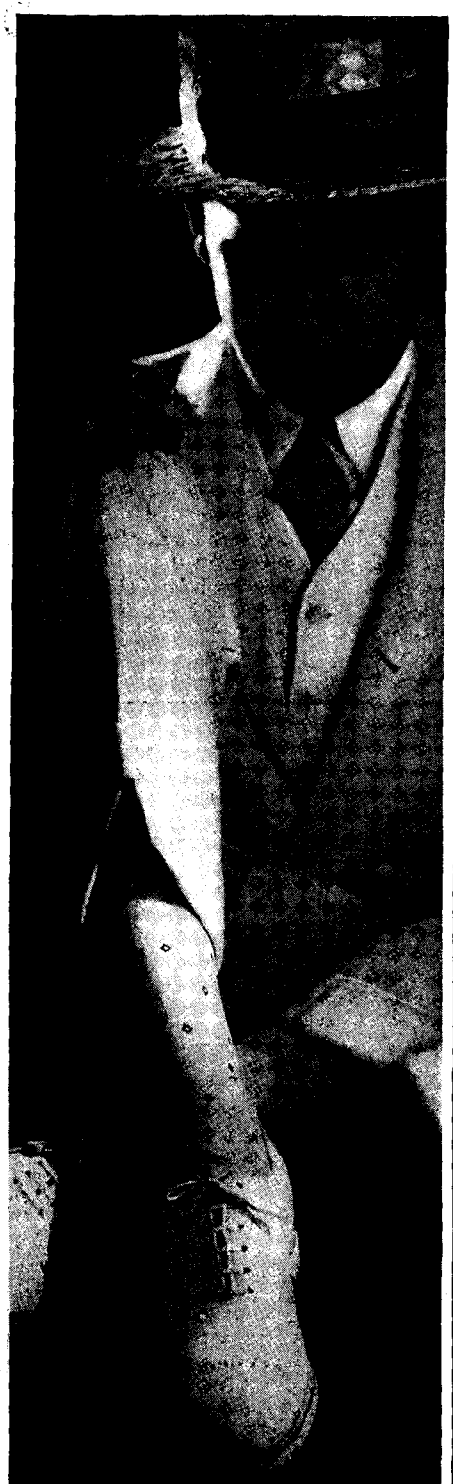

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BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S HOSIERY

As if he Cared

Continued from page 9

of him to look her up and take her out? . . . But that was Julian's way—and Carol, knowing that Julian loved her, had gone on sipping her tea and had refused to feel afraid in any way. . . .

But all the time she *was* afraid. All the time she had known that if Thelma wanted a man back she could get him back. For that was the way Thelma had always been. Even when Carol was fourteen and Thelma a little under seventeen, she had always known that all Thelma had to do to deprive her of the company of anyone she was playing tennis or golf or riding with was to come along, throw him one violet glance and make him her willing slave.

No one but Carol knew that under that violet softness was a deathless determination. They did not look like flowers to Carol, those eyes, but like amethysts, hard and beautiful and shining. But whatever they looked like, men loved them and fell under their spell.

You wouldn't think that Julian Matrick could be brought back by them once he had freed himself. You wouldn't think anything could hold him, that he went where he wanted. But back to Thelma was where he wanted to go—that was what Carol had discovered in the next few days. For Thelma had called her up one evening and had said:

"Oh, I wanted you to be the first to know it, Carol, the wonderful news, my *darling! I knew* I had seen it in Julian's face when I looked at him Wednesday night. Yes, of course I did. You see I've got a great fault—yes, I have, though no one would suspect it, but I have an inferiority complex, and I thought Julian had really, in that silly quarrel of ours, got over caring for me. But now I know how stupid I was—and, oh, how happy I am!—he still cares for me. I am to see him tonight—"

And Carol, standing holding the telephone, where she had casually picked it up, suddenly sat down on the nearest chair. She did not have the strength to keep herself erect. Because this thing was not possible. It could not happen. She had not told anyone but Mrs. Stokel and Mr. Ogilvie that she was to marry Julian Matrick, because for a little while she wanted to hold that happiness locked in her breast.

She tried to think. But her brain, as Thelma continued to talk, made only a mechanical movement, back and forth along the facts set out for its inspection:

"Thelma still loves Julian, Julian still loves Thelma!" There went her brain back and— "How *could* anyone care for me if Thelma wanted him?"—there it went forward. Julian could not bear to tell her, Carol, how it was with him, of course. No man could. Some ancient virtue like honor or chivalry would be involved there. And Thelma was telling her, because it did not seem possible to that melodramatic inhabitant of another world that Julian could have been interested in the slightest degree in her little quaint cousin. He had gone to Carol on the rebound, to pique Thelma.

AND Thelma went into that—Carol vaguely heard her words. She knew, she said, that Carol was a little fascinated by Julian—everyone was. But she would get over it quickly, and certainly Julian was not the man for a blessed angel like Carol. Why, he was like a white-hot acetylene torch, he would eat her up in no time. She, Thelma, had learned, at last, to cope with him, but Carol could never do so.

Carol had held the telephone while that voice, that beautiful sticky voice like the sound of a bumblebee, had gone on and on. On and on saying, "He cares for me—of course he is not the man for you, my darling!"

Finally the voice had ceased, and she had written to Julian Matrick to tell him that she had changed her mind, that she had found she belonged in the hospital, and she hoped he would let it rest at that. But he hadn't let it rest at that. He had to go through all the obvious, the silly, meaningless motions of protest.

So here he was now, wanting to talk.

"Talk!" said Carol fiercely, at bay. "What is there to talk about? Nothing! You don't need me, you don't want me, I mean nothing to you."

Matrick said, "I don't want you? I don't love you?" He had stepped from his car while she was speaking and now stood leaning his weight on his hand, which was clenched against the door.

"I think you don't even know what love is," said Carol.

"I see," said Julian Matrick, staring at her.

The sunlight fell on them both. The lovely April sunlight. Then she said quite calmly, "I am on duty. I really must go."

There was a clatter inside the driveway and the ambulance poked its nose out. Phil Howes was in it. "Hold everything," he told the driver, seeing Carol's eyes. Seeing her standing there like a small, helpless child, with the sun touching the little wings of yellow hair that showed under her hat, and with an air of retreating cautiously backwards as though from a wolf.

Phil Howes did not seem to see Julian Matrick. He ignored him as if he were hysteria.

"I was just thinking of you," he said to Carol, leaning out and down. "I'm taking supplies down to the River Street Station. Want a lift?"

"That will be lovely," she said, almost inaudibly. "My first call is down there."

Phil Howes saw clearly enough that something was wrong. He had seen from the first that something *would* be wrong. The legends that had accumulated around Julian Matrick were somewhat confusing, but all were those of domination and force. And that was what Carol did not need, it seemed to Phil Howes. Matrick was one of those unquenchable men who are peculiar to Park Avenue and to Wall Street, or so it seemed to Dr. Howes. Carol was far, far too good for him.

He jumped out of the ambulance. In the sunlight his hair glowed almost like Carol's. He was long-limbed and fair and boyish and usually he was whistling. But he did not whistle now. Instead he went over to Carol and threw his arm around her shoulders. He had known her since childhood and perhaps that was all right. But somehow you felt that this had nothing to do with childhood.

"WHAT case is it?" asked Phil Howes. "Rosa?"

Carol nodded. "She eats spaghetti and she gets out of bed and she defies every law of medical practice, Rosa does," said Phil Howes. "I'll go with you to see Rosa. Come along."

"All right," said Carol. She did not look at Julian Matrick. Neither did Phil Howes. You would not have known Matrick was there. Here were two persons engaged in the same profession, thoroughly understanding each other, and one of them, at least, terribly in love.

"You look pale, Carol," said Phil Howes. "I think I'll give you a beating. What have you been doing with yourself?" And then, with his youth and his indolent charm, he leaned down and kissed her. "I think I'll have to marry you," he said, "and give you a good home!"

"That would be lovely," said Carol. And she saw that he was wiser than she was. He was helping her. Some intuition had told him to help her. Her eyes misted with affection, with gratitude. "Darling Phil," she said.

"Let's go!" said Dr. Howes. He half lifted Carol, bag and all, into the ambulance, and they clanged off.

"I wouldn't have told that joke, Martha—but I thought it would go over your head!" *Frank Owen*

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When Carol came down the stairs after looking at Rosa, the big open car was parked in the sunlight before the doorway and Julian Matrick was standing in the dim hallway.

"This," said Carol, "is getting to be a habit with you."

"I want to know what Thelma had to say the other day," said Julian Matrick.

She stood in the dimness, white like a statue. "She didn't say anything very important."

"I see." He looked at her pleasantly. "They told me in the Bag Room that you had from twelve to one off duty for luncheon. I thought we'd have lunch, you and I, with Thelma." His eyes watched her in the shadows. "I think there are things that must be straightened out."

"I can't have lunch with you today," said Carol. "Thelma would die if she came into this part of town, even for an hour."

"Carol," he said, "why are you afraid of Thelma? Why won't you see her? Why are you afraid of me?"

"I'm not afraid of you," said Carol. "I'm just finished with you." And then she slipped past him and started for the street.

BUT she was not past him, for suddenly his arms closed around her. "You little fool," he said. "You little fool, don't you know that I love you?"

But Carol was limp in his arms, her eyes evaded his. "Don't bother," she said quite simply. "It isn't necessary to lie to me."

"Lie!" he said and his arms hurt her. "You told me that you loved me and yet you allow that medical infant to kiss you. He can take you off in the ambulance any time he likes, can he?"

"*Yes*," said Carol, "yes, he can. He's honest, he's decent, he loves me!" She twisted in his arms. She could not free herself but her sudden savage vehemence startled him. Unblinking, unbelieving, he stared down into her face in which the blue eyes flashed back at him through eyelashes suddenly like arrows.

"At least, he loves me," she said, her eyes blazing. And all you want is to have me love you while *you* love Thelma —oh, I can't *bear* you!"

"Oh, you can't!" and suddenly Matrick, who had been merely grim, became himself enraged. He bent his head; he kissed her until she gasped, until she looked as though she would faint. He shouted: "So you can't bear me!" That tearing, bitter knowledge seemed to dig a gap in his reserve, his silence. He couldn't let her go, he couldn't let her go! He never wanted to do anything but hold her in his arms, the little slender thing. He knew enough about love to know he had never loved before.

He held her more tightly to him. She sobbed: "You're a beastly person. Let me go! I hate you!"

"Carol, listen—"

"Let me go—I hate you."

He let her go suddenly. All softness fled from his eyes. Then he was out of the hallway, into the sunlight, and his car was gone. The street resumed its look of ugly poverty.

Carol telephoned to Mrs. Stokel in the afternoon. "I may be late this evening," she said. "All the cases seem to be breaking at once. Dr. Allerton is at the Metnoff case and Dr. Flynn is here with me at the Rosenborns. We'll keep in touch."

Phil Howes came down to Mrs. Stokel at eight that evening. "I can't get Carol," he said. "She isn't in her room and there's no report at the switchboard. Have you seen her?"

"No," said Mrs. Stokel briefly. "I haven't seen her."

Mr. Ogilvie hadn't gone off duty. "It's funny about Carol," he had been saying ever since seven o'clock. "I don't see why she doesn't phone in. Flynn and Allerton came back long ago."

"Yes, it's funny," said Mrs. Stokel.

"They shouldn't let girls out like that at night," burst out Mr. Ogilvie. "The hospital shouldn't expect them to do it. There's no telling what may have happened to Carol . . ." He moved around his cage in terrible protest. "'Tisn't right!"

Dr. Howes listened to him. He trailed restlessly across the hall to the doorway and back again. "Let me see a list of her calls today," he said. Mrs. Stokel produced the list. "I'll go to each of these places," said Phil Howes, white-faced. "I'll call up if there's any news or to see if you have any."

Mrs. Stokel watched him thoughtfully as he tore through the door. The door had hardly stopped whirling for him before it whirled again for Julian Matrick and a beautiful girl in a white velvet coat. "I want to see Carol," he said.

"We don't know where Carol is," burst out Mr. Ogilvie bitterly, because Mrs. Stokel did not speak. "Carol went out of here this morning and we haven't seen her since."

"Where is she?"

"We haven't heard from her," said Mr. Ogilvie, looking sick. "Not for hours. All the doctors are in from the cases. There isn't one where Carol should be."

"So all this fuss is about nothing, Julian," said Thelma Rhoden Matrick impatiently, sulkily. "Dragging me into this horrible neighborhood on a wild-goose chase."

Mrs. Stokel glanced up at her quickly. She had never seen Thelma Rhoden in the flesh but she knew her from her pictures that were in all the magazines. She would have known her anyway. Mrs. Stokel went on rolling cotton onto toothpicks and looked at Thelma Rhoden. At the white velvet coat and the staring whiteness of her flesh under it and the pearls that seemed to cling and coil about her breast.

"Mrs. Stokel," said Mr. Ogilvie, hopelessly, accusingly, "isn't worried, but I'm worried. I think something awful has happened to Carol."

"Something happened to her!" Julian Matrick whirled on him. "Is it unusual for her to be out like this? Don't you know where she is?"

"She's never done it before," said Mr. Ogilvie. "And everybody else has reported in." His face worked. "She's all by herself somewhere," he said.

"Dr. Howes has gone out to look for her," said Mrs. Stokel, making swabs behind the counter.

"Howes?" said Matrick. "Does *he* know where she is?"

"If he *knew*," said Mrs. Stokel equably, "he wouldn't have to look for her."

Julian Matrick said nothing.

"I'M going home," said Thelma Rhoden. "What a horrible place!" Her eyes disdained the pebble-colored Bag Room.

"You are going to stay here and wait for Carol. You have things to explain to Carol," said Julian Matrick. It was like hail and wind, his voice. Mrs. Stokel stopped wrapping swabs to listen to the wind. She looked Julian Matrick over as if she had never looked at him before.

Nine o'clock came and half past. Twice the telephone on Mrs. Stokel's counter rang and it was Phil Howes. He had found no trace of Carol. At twenty minutes to ten it rang again. Mrs. Stokel answered it. "Just the husband of one of the cases," she said, and once more the tension increased in the room.

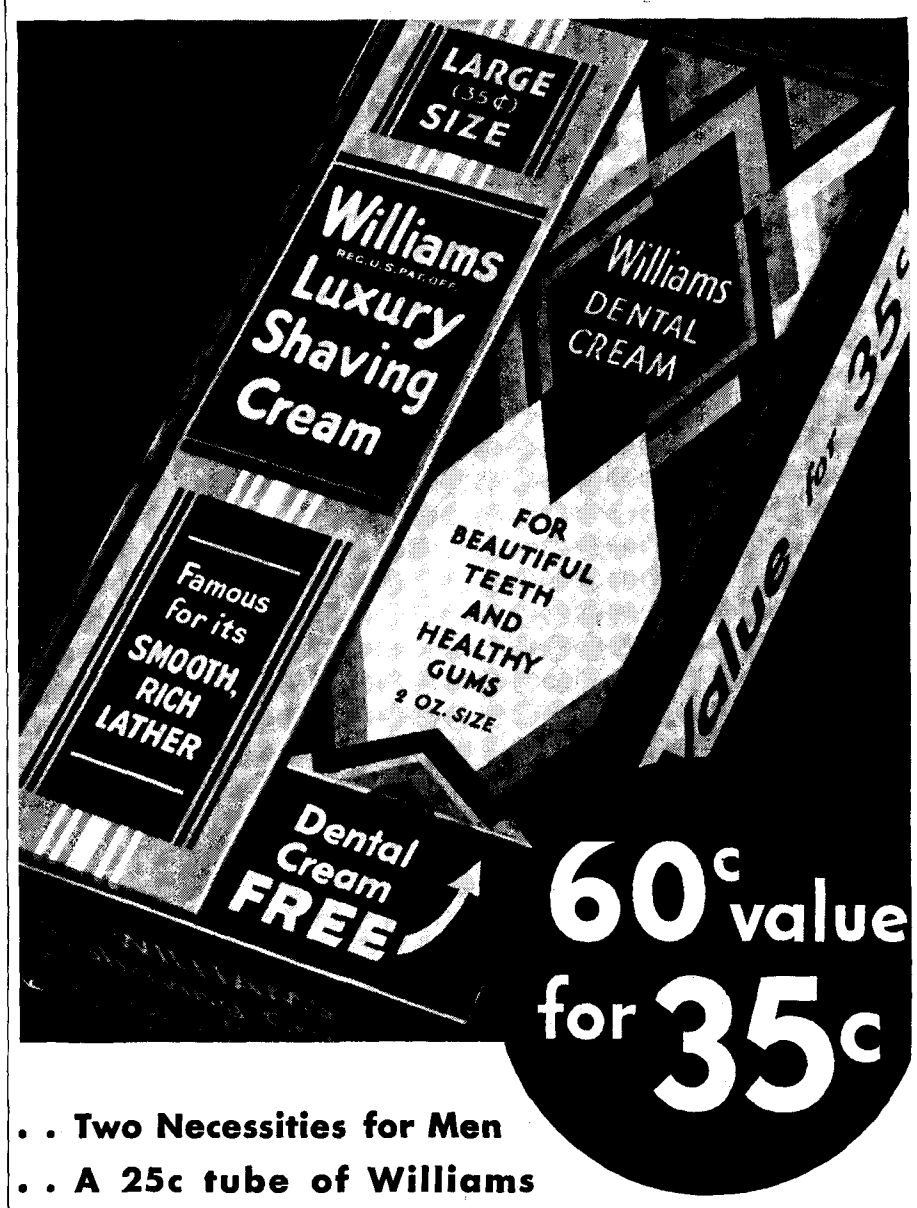
"I'm going out myself," finally said Mr. Ogilvie. "You ought to have reported to the police, Mrs. Stokel."

(Continued on page 38)

TWO THINGS YOU MEN NEED

BUT YOU PAY FOR

ONLY ONE



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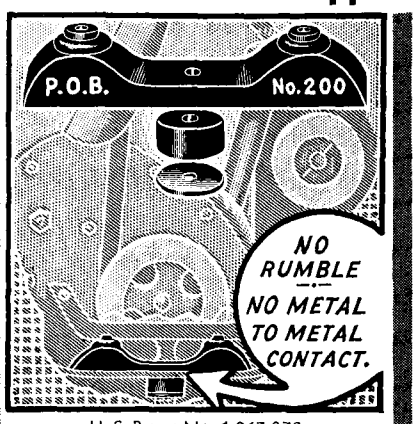

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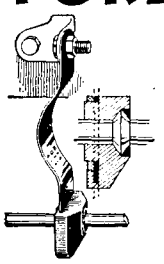

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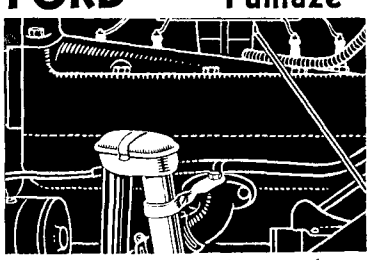

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(Continued from page 37)

Mrs. Stokel went on making swabs. "I did," she said. "Hours ago." Her quiet was terrible. It was more frightening than screams. Julian Matrick rose to his feet. He looked like death, as though the end of everything had come. "You did!" he said. "Then you think there is danger?" he said, just above his breath. His eyes, gray and cold, met Mrs. Stokel's and hers were gray and cold too.

"I think," said Mrs. Stokel, "anyone who loves Carol should be out looking for her." And the four of them stood there in the middle of an enormous quiet. And the face of Julian Matrick was staring at them all like the face of a man in a nightmare.

He turned to Thelma Rhoden. "Come on," he said quickly. "We're going to find her."

"Go ahead," said Thelma. "Do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'm going to wander around this vile neighborhood? Carol's all right. She'll turn up sooner or later. She's always doing some crazy thing."

"After you," said Julian Matrick, standing aside and pointing to the door.

"I won't! In these clothes! And that's that. Ridiculous!"

He took her by the arm. "I don't care what clothes you have on," he said and there was no violence in his tone but the coldest kind of hatred. "I don't care if you're naked. You're coming with me and we're going to find Carol and you're going to tell her you've lied."

Her face was very close to his, staring at him with warm, dusky eyes, eyes in which so many men loved to wander lazily about. "This is how I like you," she said, very low, "when you are masterful, commanding, dreaming of Austerlitz."

She laughed her tinkling little laugh and stooped down to smell the hyacinth that was beside her on the counter. "Let's go back to my place," she said. "There's no need to worry about Carol."

Mr. Ogilvie walked out of his cage. He picked up the plant. He carried Carol's plant back to the shelves and placed it there. "It's in a draft," he said. "That's Carol's plant." He looked at Thelma. "I'd thank you," he said, "not to touch it again." He drew away from her. "I shouldn't wonder," he said clearly, "if it was on account of you, somehow, that Carol hates hyacinths."

"I happen to love them," said Thelma and her scornful eyes dismissed old Ogilvie as though he were of too low an order to be capable of insulting her.

"We're going," said Matrick and something in his tone cut her short. She quivered with anger, but she went.

IT WASN'T pleasant walking through Rosa Pavese's tenement. Matrick hadn't found it pleasant that morning. Thelma, stumbling through the unpleasantness, through the dark corridors and up the repulsive stairs, stared fixedly ahead. She held her nose, she held her dress up from the steps. She stared fixedly at the great back that was ahead of her and at the hand that pulled her along. "Let's get out of here," she begged, "or I shall be sick."

"Go ahead," said Matrick. "But if Carol can stand it, I think you can." He went on up. It was now nearly midnight. The tenement was as quiet as a village. Its emptiness sneered at them through dim gas-lighted hallways. "Have you any idea where you are or why?" demanded Thelma, stumbling. As a matter of fact, he knew where but not why—if he had been sane he would have seen that the whole affair of his coming there, of dragging Thelma with him, was quite pointless. He had come to where he had last seen Carol, to a case that he knew was to her important. All that would happen would be that they would find themselves at the top of the tenement, having wakened each tenant on the way up, and, having found the Paveses, they would find no Carol there.

When they had reached the next to the last flight, when they saw above them a skylight that must mean the top, they came to a door from around which a thin line of light showed. And there were the sounds of voices and of movement. Matrick knocked and a small man opened the door. He seemed a very much worried little Italian.

Matrick started to say, "Is Miss Marsh here?" And then, beyond the man, he saw a figure in a white overall apron. The figure turned, and he and Carol confronted each other. She gave a violent start. Matrick pulled Thelma Rhoden in with him. He paid no attention to the little Italian, to the woman in the bed.

"I've come to find out what is wrong," said Julian Matrick—"between us, I mean. I've brought Thelma so that we can all understand."

Carol stood like a girl made of marble. She looked at Julian Matrick, she looked at Thelma. "Is he crazy?" she asked the other woman.

"Of course he's crazy," said Thelma.

Matrick stood beside them, dark, forbidding, thoughtful. He met Thelma's eyes for several seconds. "I think you have something to say to Carol," he said.

She looked back at him insolently. "This is no time for a speech," she said. "I'm going."

"You're going when I'm ready to let you, and it's a fine time for a speech. All you have to do is to tell Carol how I feel about you. The rest I can tell her myself."

And Thelma, looking at him sullenly, said, "All right. I lied to her. I thought I wanted you back. I thought you were wasted on her, but now I see that you're just about good enough for each other." She looked at Carol contemptuously. "If you want that conceited pup," she said, "it shows that you're crazier than I thought."

Carol was staring at her. "But why did you tell me so many untruths about him?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Thelma. Her eyes were expressionless with what she meant to be contempt. "I'm going home," she said, "if your Italian friend will see me to a taxi stand."

"Take my car, of course," said Matrick. "I'll see that Carol gets home."

"Thanks," said Thelma—and walked out of the room.

Matrick turned to Carol.

"The first thing we'll do is telephone Mrs. Stokel that you're safe. She's worried sick about you."

Carol stared. "Worried?" she said. "Why, Mrs. Stokel told me I'd better stay a little longer. Rosa had a sort of hysterical fit because the baby didn't eat. Mrs. Stokel knew that. I've telephoned her twice."

EVEN when they got back to Slade there seemed to be nothing to say to that. Mrs. Stokel looked up calmly from her swabs but Mr. Ogilvie looked as though the strain had nearly killed him.

"So it was *you* that found her, was it?" said Mrs. Stokel to Julian Matrick. If she felt a passing regret for the failure of Phil Howes she did not show it. "Well, what I always say is, the best man usually wins. You can pretty nearly bank on that."

Mrs. Stokel knew herself to be no superwoman. Here and there, she remembered, her career was dotted with mistakes in judgment. But she wouldn't let on about that to Mr. Ogilvie.

"I always said she ought to marry Julian Matrick," said Mrs. Stokel, putting away her swabs, nodding her head up and down. "I always liked that strong, silent type."

Antonio Petruccelli

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Beauty without Bunk

Continued from page 23

faulty circulation of the scalp, is hard to say. It may even be imaginary, or a result of association. In any case, a shampoo has cured many a headache, and harmlessly.

The number of lotions manufactured for the hair and scalp is appalling. Some are classed as tonics, others as astringents, still others as dandruff cures. And there are lotions for the dry scalp, for the oily scalp, for graying hair, for unruly hair and for "dead" hair. Some of these lotions are really oils, others are disinfectants or antiseptics and others are perfumed alcohol. In general, they can be classed as one of the expensive departments of hair culture.

The rationale of the use of hair lotions is really very simple:

If your hair is dry, you can use a simple oil.

If your hair is oily, you can wash it often.

If you have dandruff, or some form of dermatitis of the scalp, you need medication for it, but you should be sure that you are using the right medication, not try something because a friend has found it useful.

If your hair is getting gray, it will go on getting gray unless you dye it.

If your hair looks dead, it is probably insufficiently oiled and a little oil brushed in will help its looks. Any lotion rubbed into the scalp will help it in one of two ways only: because it contains oil, or because the rubbing stimulates the oil glands of the scalp and the circulation generally.

This brings us to massage of the scalp. Of all the various beauty treatments of the hair, massage is the most rational. In our ordinarily sedate lives, the scalp gets little stimulation of its circulation. Most of us are even too polite to scratch our heads when they need it, and we all forget that the brush was not originally intended only to smooth the hair and remove tangles. It has a much-neglected currycomb function.

"I know you don't believe in singeing the hair," said my pet operator, "but the ends of your hair are split, and what can I do?"

"Singe it by all means, if you don't like the looks of it," I replied. "But don't tell me that you are keeping the oil from running out the ends of it."

"I haven't told anybody that for years," she protested.

The Hazards of Beauty Culture

When the use of cosmetics was in its infancy and we looked askance at those who did not use rouge and lipstick cleverly enough to fool us, cosmetics were more dangerous than they are now. The industry was not important enough to arouse interest in the authorities and the medical profession. It was not until the Food and Drugs Act came into being, and doctors reported cases of injury from the use of rouge, face powder and hair dye, that these products were made safe for the beauty seeker. Nowadays the only danger from the indiscriminate use of face powder is for those who are subject to hay fever and its related disorders and may get unpleasant symptoms from the orris root or rice powder in commercial preparations. There may be an occasional bad effect from bleaching chemicals put in the powder, but advertised brands cannot afford to use such chemicals.

Among the still hazardous preparations are skin bleaches and hair dyes. The good beauty operator knows this, and uses bleaches only under protest and hair dyes with great caution. The idea that bleaching the skin or dyeing the hair is a real step toward beauty is a questionable one, anyway.

In the matter of the care of the skin, there is a good deal of harmless bunk in circulation.

"Do you take care of your skin?" my operator used to ask. "Do you keep it nourished?"

"I eat three meals a day, if that's what you mean," I replied, knowing very well it wasn't what she meant.

It is very hard to convince people that the skin is not a digestive organ, we hear so much about "skin foods" and tissue creams. The idea that the skin can absorb nourishment, *for itself*, should perish with the idea that fish is brain food. Certain oils can be absorbed to an extent by the skin, and certain drugs; but they are immediately transferred from the skin to the circulation and to the rest of the body. Fundamentally, the way to keep the skin nourished, just as the best way to keep the skin healthy, is to keep the body healthy.

Cleanliness is Important

Given a fairly good-looking skin to begin with, and good health, the next step to skin beauty is skin cleanliness. And skin cleanliness, in these days of soot and superheated houses with their dust and dryness, is more than a matter of good soap and warm water. The beauty shops have a real function here. They can talk all they like of cleansing creams and creams that are used to prevent drying, and there need be no bunk in their conversation.

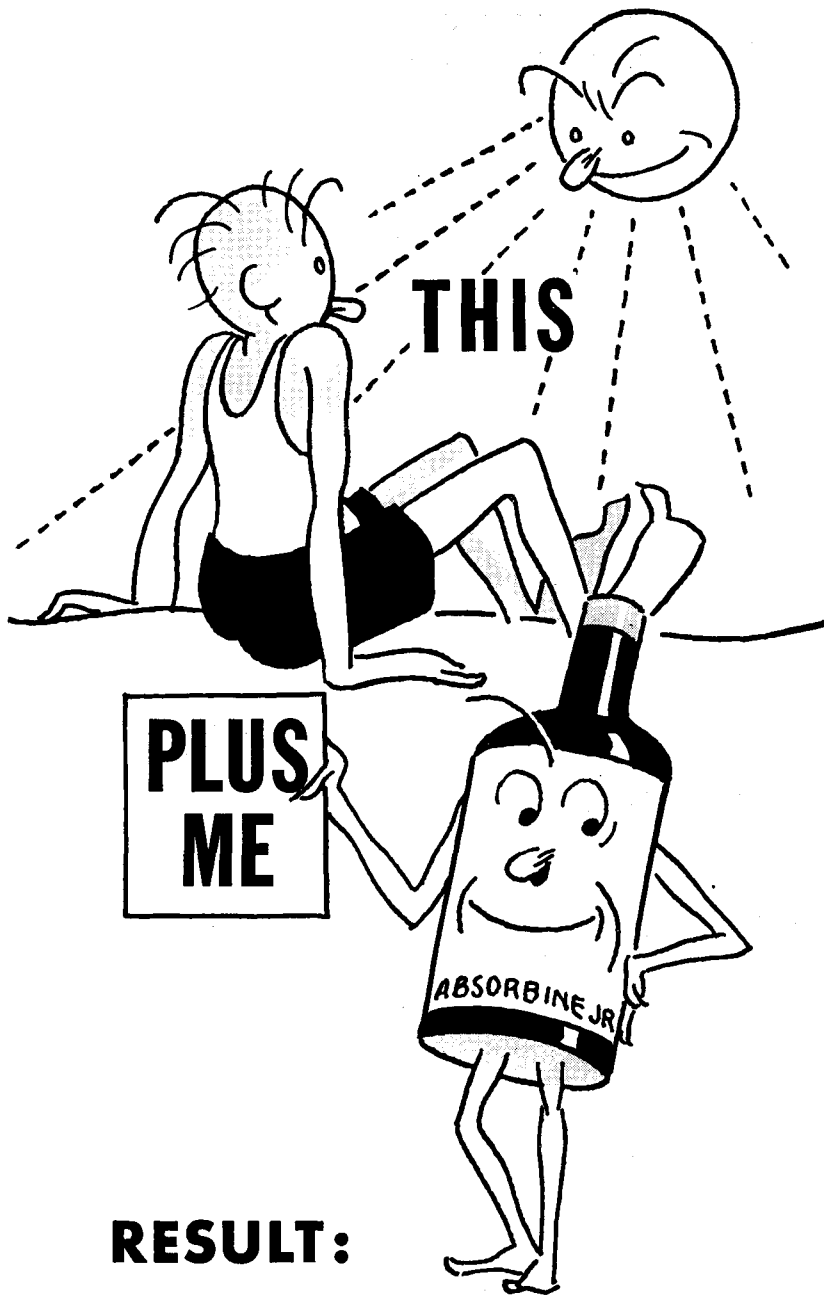
The occasional, or even the daily use of a cleansing cream, which is carefully wiped off and the traces removed with soap and water, results in a cleaner face than does the use of soap and water.

There is no reason why the average woman can't take her own skin-beauty treatments at her own dressing table. She may not get the temporarily startling effect of a facial given at a beauty shop, but neither can she do permanent harm to her skin. A safe routine is: Cleansing cream rubbed in gently and then removed with a soft cloth or tissue; washing with soap and warm water—the soap should lather easily; wiping off with toilet water or dilute alcohol; application of a small amount of vanishing, or foundation cream, which prevents drying.

The facial is, in my opinion, too strenuous a treatment for the permanent beauty of the skin. The facial treatment cannot remove wrinkles, except temporarily; and it can increase the tendency of the skin to wrinkle by breaking down the tiny fibrous partitions by which the fat of the skin is held in place, and result in a sagging effect. The woman who begins taking facials finds she has to keep them up if she is not to look noticeably different when she hasn't had one of them.

I won't go into the bunk involved in the ballyhoo for astringents, which are supposed to "close the pores"; unfortunately no inanimate material can remove the hardened oil from a blackhead. The pores have a function and blackheads are an expression of a disorder of metabolism. When we try to alter them with cosmetics, Nature just laughs at us.

We can't go far wrong if we try to look our best, only remembering the old threesome: health, cleanliness and common sense.



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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 25

when he couldn't see the profit in it?"

Vivian's green eyes lighted and he chuckled a little. "Snip 'em—scare 'em—make 'em wonder where the next shot's comin' from. Now you're talkin'. Move around. Do somethin'."

"That's half of it. Shadrow's no man to make his crew fight out of loyalty. If we could put the fear of ambush into the heads of those mugs, they'd start runnin'."

"Agreed," said Vivian. "So we will."

"Back up," grunted Hugh. "You forget something."

"Listen. Don't lay any mature and deliberate plans, Mister Tracy. It won't work. Nothin' in this condemned scope of alkali and loco weed stays put long enough to hook a plan on. Best thing to do is take what comes and hack at it. Then run and wait for somethin' else."

Tracy shook his head. "There's another side to the story: Three men on that ranch we can't scare. Take all the pot shots we want, do all the ridin' we want—Shadrow and his two blackjacks are still squattin' right where they always squatted. Nothing changes till they change."

"All right," said Vivian, impatient at such logic. "What's the answer?"

"Wait for a break."

"We done it all day long. See a break yet? I don't."

"Or make one," added Hugh quietly.

Vivian turned a squint-eyed regard on Tracy. "You got some stunt in your coco," he accused his partner. "What is it?"

Tracy shrugged his big shoulders. "Don't know. But right now I'm going over to see what the Testervis layout is. You boys stay here. We can't afford to put all our eggs in one basket."

TRACY loped through the last of the twilight and on into an enveloping nightfall. A half mile farther along the ridge he quartered down to the road, breasted a slight summit and proceeded through a darkling alley between pines. Testervis ranch quarters were not much more than half an hour's quick run ahead and he let the pony stretch. As for himself, the freedom of the saddle relieved the dammed-up restlessness in him. Like Vivian, he could not help chafing at delay. He was not a man blessed by much patience and when, as at present, the tide of luck ran out it was nothing less than punishment to withdraw from the only sure course of action he understood, which was to strike back. Yet he knew Shadrow to be an enemy with patience and cunning and enormous power. He could not throw himself against this unyielding wall; he had to find a breach in it.

He could see no breach now, nor reason his way through to a situation where one might logically exist. It seemed to him that the game had come to a deadlock. Shadrow could not find him; he could not touch Shadrow. And as time passed he, Tracy, lost ground.

The road curved out of the trees and ran along a straight stretch before reaching another pine stand. Directly beyond that was the Testervis place and Hugh, knowing it would be guarded, swung from the road and picked a careful route roundabout. He watched for the glimmer of house lights but he saw none; not even when he drifted down a slope and halted at the yard's margin. Nothing moved, nor was there any rumor of activity.

For a long while he rested there, puzzled and alert—waiting for some telltale signal to cross the stillness. After a full ten minutes had passed fruitlessly by, he chanced a soft call:

"Hello, house!"

The echoes came back into his face; and he realized then that as surely as Morgan Testervis was dead, so was the Double-Ought. Headquarters had been abandoned.

He had no further curiosity. Turning, he retreated to the road and fell to a steady gallop. What happened to the Testervis hands he didn't know. What Bat's plan might be he couldn't fathom, nor attempted to. It was sufficient knowledge that the blond brother, throwing aside Morgan's entrenched determination never to let the fight go back of home quarters, had abandoned the place. It was a certain augury and one small particle of hope in Hugh's head ceased to be important. The TS tide would come rolling down, pause here and sweep on to the very limit of the Mogul plateau. If that house, symbol of ownership, wasn't worth fighting for, then nothing was. Around no other point would Bat ever be able to rally his men.

The road was in deeper darkness when Hugh left it and climbed the bald ridge. A little uncertain of the footing, he sidled across the spine of the high ground and about fifty yards from the depression sent out a subdued hail. Evoking no reply, he pressed on and entered the hide-out.

"Bill."

The word sank like a plummet into the stillness. Suddenly alarmed, he stepped to the ground and walked the whole length of the depression. It was quite empty.

For a while he stood in his tracks, puzzling out this added change. Need of water might have taken the men down the slope to a spring near the pines; Testervis men passing by might have drawn them from concealment; or the proximity of TS parties might either have alarmed them or suggested the chance of a coup. But if it had been water, one would have remained behind. There remained the possibility of TS men in the neighborhood. Turning, he crouched against the earth, listening for whatever chance rumors might come over the rim.

It was a futile wait. But it was also a switching point in all his calculations. Once prepared to do something, Hugh never dallied. Reaching into his pocket for a scrap of paper and a pencil he wrote a message: "Wait it out next time."

He laid it beneath a rock, one edge in view as nearly as he could make out. Returning to his horse he rode from the depression.

ANGLING down the ridge, he quietly entered the trees and made a detour through them to that quarried-out place he had described to Lynn Isherwood. But he found nothing there—had hoped for nothing, as a matter of fact; and he left it satisfied his back trail was clear. Beyond the trees, he pointed into the south and went rapidly on. Once, at the very edge of Mogul's rim, he looked down and saw the lights of his house burning and a lantern bobbing across the yard.

Lynn Isherwood had reached TS quarters the previous night without discovery and, supperless, had gone to bed. At any moment expecting to have Shadrow call her out, she at last fell into so deep a sleep that she never heard Maunders storm back, never heard the wild echoes coming from Shadrow's office. Next morning she woke late, eating after the others had finished; Shadrow was gone, with his lieutenants and his crew. But a man sat idly by the small barn, casting loose loops at two prongs of wood stuck in a hay bale and she knew, without testing her knowledge, what he was there for.

The day dragged. Supper was late that night, for it was beyond dusk when Shadrow and the outfit returned; and though she sat at table with them, she heard no news. They were far more silent than usual. Shadrow said nothing at all, but from time to time she felt his eyes on her. Afterwards she went to her room, suddenly and profoundly fearful.

Shadrow had gone to his office. Through the partition she caught the mingling of voices and the swift, angered interjections. One man kept breaking in, speaking louder and louder, until the furious yell of Shadrow made sense even where she stood:

"Shut your mouth!"

THE bickering ceased; a long hush came. Then a man walked across the room and out of it. She heard approaching steps in the hall, a brief warning on the door. When, heart racing, she opened it, Lake Tolbert confronted her, smooth face bleaker than usual.

"Your uncle," said he, "wants to see you."

She hated this man, nor could she ever meet his eyes without instinctively thinking of a reptile's blinkless, unfathomable gaze. It made no difference that he presented toward her always the outer indications of courtesy, that he never failed to lift his hat or step aside at her passage; rather it only accented the feeling she had of illicit, secretive emotions. And it was odd to hear him follow her with a soft suggestion as she stepped down the hallway:

"Wouldn't allow the presence of a few men to disturb your peace of mind."

It meant nothing, yet she knew it meant something. Lake Tolbert never said an idle phrase; and so, wondering, she walked into Shadrow's office. Shadrow was there with Maunders and three other hands. Tolbert quietly closed the door, stepping toward a corner. Shadrow's narrowed eyes held a telltale gleam Lynn had come to know and to fear.

"Lynn," he snapped, "where was you last night?"

She knew it had come. She knew she had to lie—to speak as much truth as she dared and to lie as little as she could. Shadrow was uncanny at catching the false note.

"Here," said she.

"All evenin'?"

"Most of it."

"Oh, so you went out? Where to?"

She watched her uncle steadily. The other men were weighing every expression on her face, judging every word she spoke. There was no friendliness in the room, no charity, no allowance for the fact that she was a woman. This was a man's ranch and she had felt the antagonism of its members ever since her arrival on it; tonight all that antagonism seemed to burn into her. But she watched her uncle, wondering what knowledge in that hard, scheming brain of his was to trap her.

"I took the black and rode out to the south a ways."

"How far south?"

"I don't know. Two-three miles, I suppose."

"You rode out of the ranch, hey? After dark. Knowin' all the time this country is dangerous for ridin' alone?"

"Not for me," said Lynn quickly.

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"You never went north, towards Hugh Tracy's?"

"No."

Shadrow leaned forward, and at the sight of his face Lynn turned cold. "How was it," he demanded, "that you went away without tellin' me? And how was it you got a horse so quiet that nobody seen you go?"

"I made no particular effort to hide what I was doing," said the girl. "You men were busy with your own troubles."

Shadrow snapped out another question: "Did you keep to the road or strike across country?"

"I kept to the road, of course," said the girl, knowing that he could never check her marks of travel in all the tangle of pony tracks lying on the roadway.

"What time was it?"

"I never looked at my watch."

Shadrow said, with a deceptive unconcern, "Was it after we got through talkin' in my office?"

"*I don't know,*" *said the girl,* "how long you were in your office."

Shadrow fell back against his chair with an air of being balked and turned his hard old eyes on Maunders. The gunman ripped an angry sentence at the room in general.

"Somebody's lyin'! Somebody put a bug in Tracy's ear! I rammed right into a set trap and I lost three men!"

"Well," said Shadrow, a little uncertain, "he might have been waitin' for some such play."

Maunders was not to be soothed. "It won't go. When I came back I smelled dust ahead of me, all the way home. Somebody beat me to this yard just by a few minutes. I tell you, Tade, there's a nigger in the woodpile!"

All eyes turned on the girl again. Shadrow leaned forward, returning to his harshly peremptory manner: "Lynn, you'd do a trick like that if you could. You got no love for TS. If I thought—"

Lake Tolbert cleared his throat and spoke for the first time: "She's right, Tade. I saw her get the black from the barn and mosey south on the road. Saw her come back, too. About half an hour afterwards."

Everybody in the room swung on the foreman, except the girl. Maunders' stare freshened with bitterness.

"You was the man that told me to bust right down there and take 'em by surprise," he challenged.

"It's the way I would have done it," said Tolbert quietly.

Shadrow rapped out an irritated question: "Why didn't you speak up before, Lake?"

"She was tellin' her story," said the foreman. "I'm no hand to butt in."

"Yeah? Then why say anything now?"

"There seems to be some doubt in the room," was Tolbert's imperturbable answer.

THE girl kept her face on Shadrow, not daring to look around at the foreman. She knew she must have shown surprise but the foreman's preliminary clearing of his throat had turned attention away from her; and after that she pulled herself together. Here was an ally. Yet it brought her no added sense of relief. She dreaded him all the more.

"What time was all this?" grunted Shadrow.

"After I left the office," said Tolbert. "After Maunders pulled out."

Shadrow's eyes glinted. "Look here. You say it was half an hour before she came back. How do you know that? How could you see her come back? You was eatin' with me."

"Wasn't there more than twenty minutes," said Tolbert. "When I came out again she was just crossin' the yard from the barn."

"Something's rotten," grumbled Maunders. "And I'm the man that's going to take it in the belly. Shadrow, your ranch is out of kilter. Somebody's betrayin' you!"

"Me?" asked Tolbert, so toneless that Maunders hauled his big body around and let his felted wrists fall loose beside him. "Be careful what you hang on me," added Tolbert.

Shadrow's glance went prying into Tolbert's impassive face. But there was nothing to be found in that unrevealing visage. Shadrow rose from his chair. "Lynn, get back to your room. And don't leave this yard again unless I say so."

The girl turned, careful to avoid Tolbert's face, and opened the door in front of her. When she closed it she heard talk rise like a gust of wind.

IT WAS Maunders who broke into angry talk after she left. "You might think everything is goin' fine, Shadrow, but it ain't! Tracy's still loose."

"*He's botherin' your peace of mind?*" asked Tolbert.

"There's no man that lives who bothers me!" shouted Maunders.

Tolbert showed an unusual vigor. "Then quit squawkin'. And don't lay that tongue of yours around so free."

Strained quiet came to the office. Maunders' flat features swelled with inner rage and his nostrils flared. Yet he said nothing and it was Shadrow who broke the deadlock:

"Place gettin' too small for both of you boys? Dammit, stop quarrelin'. I won't have it."

"I don't propose to be a sucker," growled Maunders.

Shadrow had a ready sarcasm for that: "Never tamper with the Lord's disposition. What's bitin' you so much? I consider we're doin' well."

"Tracy's loose," repeated Maunders, unable to get that out of his head. "And where's Bat Testervis? Just where is he?"

"Don't give him a second thought," said Shadrow. "He's doin' what I knew he'd do. Instead of stickin' to his quarters he's started some fool cavalry parade around the landscape. Inside of two days he won't have a dozen men left. Nobody would fight behind a plain fool like him. He's through. In the mornin' we're swingin' into his place. This plateau's mine right now—and what's the matter with that, Sid?"

"If I don't get him, he'll get me," grumbled Maunders.

"Tracy? You bet he will." Shadrow's temper began to rise again. "I never knew a man to bobble more chances than you have, Sid. You either get him or pass out of the country. Anyhow, with the Testervis bunch gone, it's time to cut the crew. I'm payin' out too much wages. Your usefulness with me is about done, Sid. Make your play and make it in a hurry."

Sid Maunders shook his head. "I won't be able to ride away. Tracy's a damned Indian. It's gone too far. He'd follow till I fell off the edge of creation. No, I got to cramp him some place or he'll cramp me. And, Shadrow, that girl has brought nothin' but bad luck to this joint. You better do somethin' about her."

Shadrow lifted his head, lip corners full of sly malice. "I aim to."

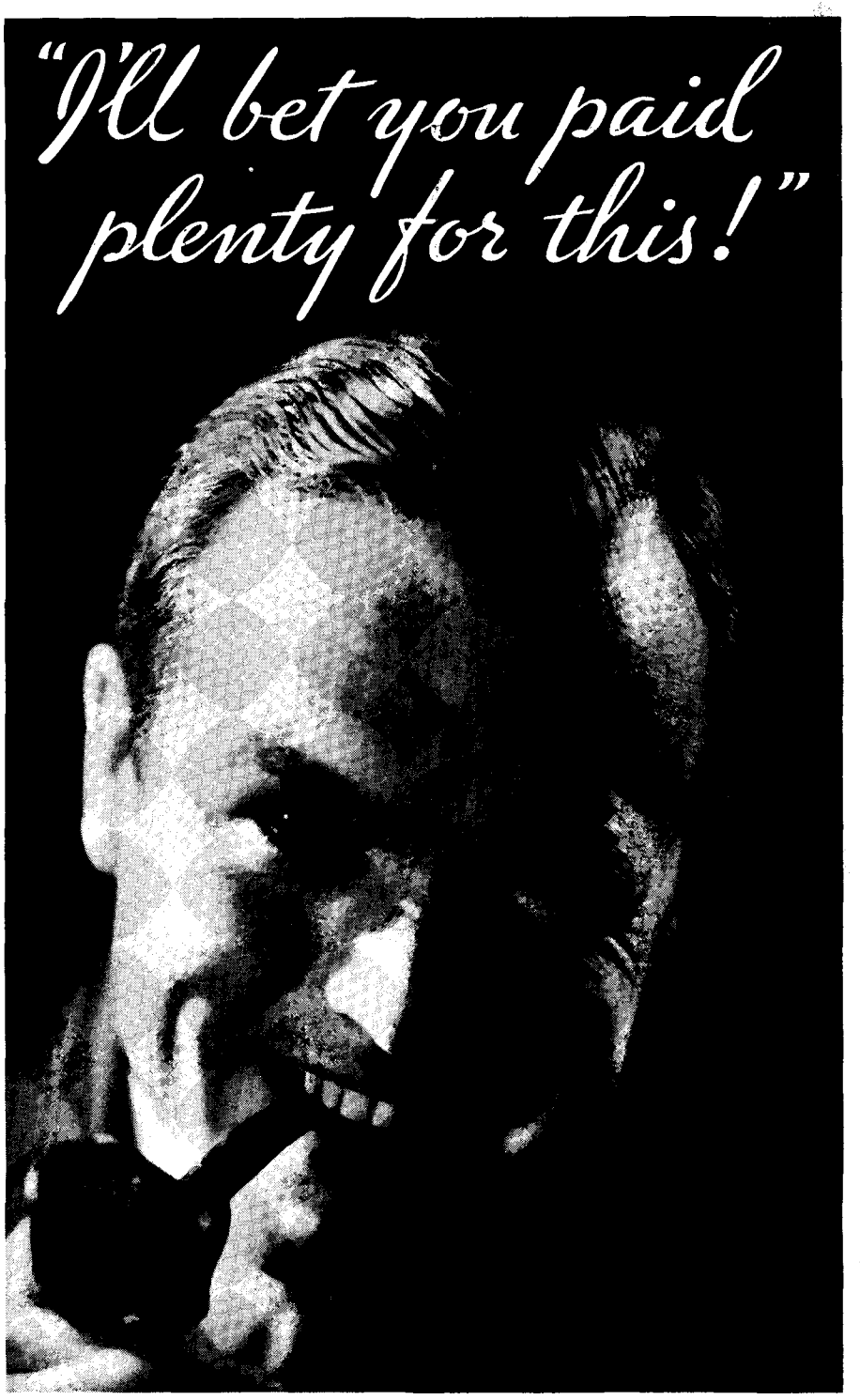
"What's that?" broke in Tolbert.

"Marry her," said Shadrow and emitted a tittering "he-he."

Both men showed such a plain disbelief that Shadrow slammed his hand on the table top. "You think she won't agree? By Joseph, she will—and be glad to. There's more than one way of skinnin' a cat."

Tolbert walked slowly out to the porch. In the darkness his face gave way to a wild expression of rage.

(To be continued next week)



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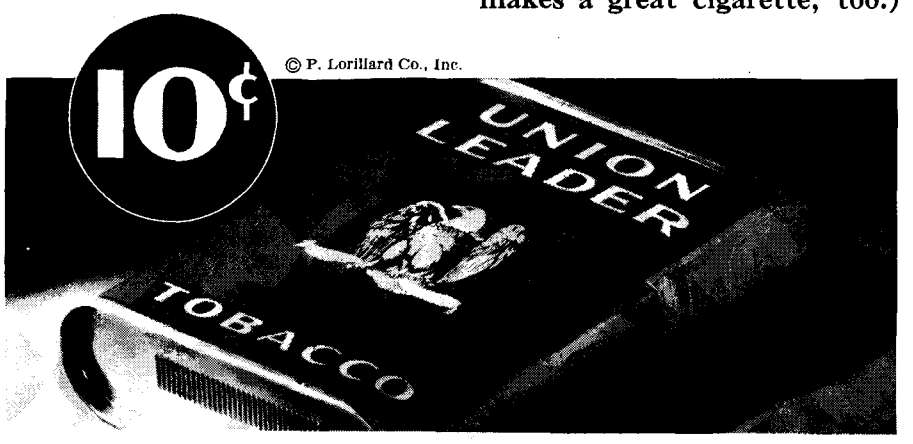

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Legs Last just so Long

Continued from page 15

Hudson is telling me all about himself and I swear he ain't changed a bit mentally, except he's a bit more sure of himself. I wonder if he has fallen for any doll in the big city.

"You ain't thinking of getting married are you, big boy?" I ask casually.

"Who—me?" he looked up in amazement. "Stop kidding me, Joe!"

Simple old big boy. You know by rights he should of fell for some two-timing dame who would have waltzed off with his dough, made a mug out of him, and in general ruined his career.

"Then you're getting along okay?" I say.

"I can hit," he says easily, just like he said it ten years before.

"How are the legs?" I ask.

"Why, they're fine, Joe. I stole three bases yesterday."

"How's that farm your old man used to own down in Texas?"

His face clouded. "The old man died three years ago and I sold the farm for three thousand bucks. I socked that away in good stocks. You know, Joe, I'm turning all my dough over to Jeff Park. He helps me put it where it will do the most good."

I NODDED, well pleased. Jeff Park was one of McGraw's coaches and he was a very smart guy, indeed. As long as he was helping Hudson to park his sugar I knew it would be well parked.

"You ain't never figured out what you're going to do when you're through playing ball?" I ask him.

"I'll never be through playing ball," he laughs. "Look at Ty Cobb out there. He'll go on forever and so will I."

I looked at Cobb. I hated to admit it, but he was playing center field on a dime. He looked swell, but I know about those legs. It was the fourth inning and little Aaron Ward was up for the Yanks. The Detroit pitcher tossed one and Wardie hit it—a dinky handle hit. It should have been a pop fly; Cobb came in for it but he ain't fast enough and the ball fell at his feet for a two-base hit. Cobb looked very awkward on that one. It's the kind of ball he would of stuck in his hip pocket three years before. Well, anyhow, the ball drops at his feet and the crowd roars. They were roaring with laughter at Cobb. I looked at Hudson. He had gone white.

"Laughing at Cobb," he whispered, half to himself. "Why—why, Joe, it's like laughing at God. If they ever did that to me my heart would stop."

"Forget it, big boy," I soothe him. "Baseball is a great game—but it's no pastime for an old man."

BIG HUDSON had two more good years. Then his arm went bad and he spent half a season on the bench. The Giants sold him to the Reds and he spent a season at pinch-hitting. I sort of lost track of him after that. By now I'm plenty busy myself. I'm back with Toledo, managing the club now. The same club Casey Stengel used to manage and where Hudson first come up.

I got a nice team too, but, like Casey's old club, we're weak on hitters. One day we were in Miami for spring training and playing the Dodgers a practice game. Clarkie shut us out three to zero and I'm plenty sore. Six times we worked men around to third but can't punch them home. I took my shower, wondering where I can find a good hitter. I dressed and am bending over tying a shoe lace when I hear a voice.

"Do you need a good man on this club?" it says.

I never even looked up. "What can you do?" I growl.

"I can hit," I heard, and then I wheeled around. It was big Hudson, badger hair cut, mail-order suit and all. There was a lump in my throat when I threw arms around him. It was good in a way to see him, but it hurt to see him there. Him that was slapping Vance and Hallahan and Malone all around the lot three years before.

"I'd like to work for you, Joe," he said simply.

"How's the legs, big boy?" I ask.

He hesitated a second that seemed like a year. "Why, they're as good as ever, Joe. Give me a chance and I'll win that flag for you like I done for Casey the last time I played for this club."

Good legs or bad legs, I put Hudson on the pay roll. You say there ain't no sentiment in baseball? Say, you'll find plenty of old-timers on the pay roll of big-league clubs. I'd like to have a buck for every man that John McGraw and Connie Mack have staked.

It took me three days to find out that the big boy's legs were gone. It took me two more to discover that his eye had dimmed and that his arm had lost its elasticity. So, when the regular season opened, I stuck a kid named Preston in at shortstop.

"I want to give the kid some experience," I evade to Hudson.

"It's okay with me, Joe," he says earnestly. "I ain't gonna tell you how to run your ball club. It does seem silly, though, to park a bunch of base hits on the bench."

Preston turned an ankle the second day of the season and now I had to put Hudson in there. At least he brought out that crowd. They all wanted to see the great Hudson—the guy who had stood the big-league pitchers on their ears. The big boy managed to get through the first game without making an error. That was because he didn't go after balls that wasn't right down his alley. He got one nice hit too, and I was hoping against hope for a miracle. But miracles don't happen on the diamond.

The next day he struck out three times, popped up once and made three errors. As he dresses I hear him muttering to himself. "Just a bad day," he is saying. "Everybody has a bad day now and then."

"Just a bad day, kid, thass all," I hit him on the back. "Forget it."

"Sure," he grins.

I walked out of the ball park with him and he hails a cab. The hotel was only three blocks away and I never before heard of a ball player taking a cab for three blocks.

"I got a little blister on my heel," Hudson says, looking away.

"Well, at that you got plenty of dough, big boy. You can afford a cab."

"Sure," he laughed. "Say, but speaking of dough, you know I was pretty well fixed that time I seen you at the Stadium four or five years ago. Remember?"

"Yeah, Jeff Park was investing it for you, wasn't he?"

"That's right, but when the crash comes, all them nice stocks I had turn out to be cats and dogs. I wind up without a dime."

THAT did shake me. Hudson had made plenty of money in his time. At his peak with the Giants he must of been dragging down seventeen thousand a year. Heavy sugar, that is. Now—broke! It made his situation all the more hopeless. Well, I thought, thank heavens, I'm in a position to carry him.

We walked into the hotel lobby. The boys were all sitting around reading the late editions of the papers—the ones which have just come up carrying the story of the game that afternoon. Maybe I imagine it but there seemed to be a sudden silence as we marched in. I've dealt with ball players so long I think I can read whatever it is they use for minds.

Passing by the stand, I bought a paper. I took one look at the front page, glimpsed the opening paragraph of the story of our game and involuntarily drew in my breath.

"What is it, Joe?" Hudson asks idly.

"Nothing," I tell him. "Forget it."

"Let me see that paper," he says.

"Big boy, reading newspapers is bad for the batting eye," I laugh it off.

A few minutes later I was talking to a bell boy, asking him to capture a few

"See, if the Rovers break the most rock they can laugh at the Orioles!"

Laurence Reynolds

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bottles of cold ale and bring them to my room, when I saw Hudson amble over to the news-stand. He buys a paper. The boys are sitting around the lobby and their eyes are on him. I felt like I was about to watch a man die and couldn't do anything about it.

Hudson hits on the paragraph. I saw his mouth open and a stricken look come into his eyes. He looked around furtively, never sensing that every eye in the place was on him, and then he slumped down in a big chair.

I didn't know what to do. You can't laugh a thing like that off. I look at the paper again.

"The Toledo Mudhens dropped a 7 to 6 decision to Buffalo today with the help of Mike Hudson," it said. "Old Man Hudson, playing short for the Mudhens, presented the Bisons with three runs by helping himself to three big, juicy errors. Hudson is all through and everybody knows it but himself and the manager of the Toledo club. Hudson's legs are as creaky as a pair of new shoes and his arm isn't strong enough to hoist a stein of near-beer. At the plate he's got nothing left but a nice batting stance and a pathetic faith in himself. . . ."

THAT story hurt me. After all these years I'd got to feel that Hudson was my own particular charge. Don't laugh, but, honest, I felt a motherly interest in the big boy.

The next day Hudson didn't show up for morning practice. When I got back to the hotel there is a note in my box from him. I read it:

"Dear Joe:

"I figure what I need to get back in form is to be in there every day. I suppose as soon as Preston's ankle gets better you'll stick him in there again. I need to be playing regular to get the old batting eye back. A month of steady playing and I'll be as good as ever. I'm going out to the sticks and hook up with some small-time outfit, where I can play regular. I'll be back to you in about a month all set to win that old flag for you. Don't bother looking for me. I'm going to use a phony name.

"Regards, MIKE HUDSON."

I looked at the letter for a minute. "The darned old fool!" I tell myself. "I would of took care of him." I sighed and hoped I'd hear from him soon, so I could at least send him a C note.

But I didn't hear from him all the rest of that season. I sent out wires to managers in every small league in the country, trying to trace him, but nobody knew where he was. We went on and won the flag all right. Every now and then I'd think of the big boy and wonder where he was. I figured I'd probably meet him at the baseball meetings during the winter. But he never shows.

I'd be sitting around a hotel room punching the bag with other baseball men and someone would ask, "What ever became of Mike Hudson?"

Nobody would ever know. He'd just dropped out of sight. The next season started and still no sign of him. I was working hard to keep the club in the race, but more than once I wasted a lot of thought on the big boy, wondering where he is and how he's making out.

Then came the day when I go back to the hotel after a tough game and find a note to call Fred Saunders at Police Headquarters. I finally get him on the phone to ask him what's it all about.

"We find a stiff in a lodging house over on the north side," Saunders tells me. "And there ain't a sign of identification on him. For all we know he is the Marx Brothers. There is only a letter alongside of him addressed to you."

"I hope it ain't no bill," I cracked.

"If it is, you won't have to pay it," the detective laughed, "because this guy is as dead as the back of your hand."

So I hopped a cab and went to the address that Saunders gave me. To tell the truth, I was thinking more of who was going to pitch tomorrow than I was of the stiff I was on my way to identify. Saunders was waiting for me.

"This fellow comes here last night," Saunders tells me, leading the way up two flights of stairs. "He tells the landlady his name is Smith and he wants a room for the night. He pays in advance. This morning she comes up to make the bed and finds him lying there. He's as dead as your grandmother's aunt and of course she calls us. I come up here with the medical examiner and, strangely enough, we find a letter addressed to you alongside of him."

We went into the room. There is a sheet lying over the figure on the bed. Saunders lifts the sheet. I took one look at that face—and froze.

"Here's the letter, Joe," Saunders says.

It is then that the walls recede and the years come rolling back with a thunderous roar.

"Joe, are you in a trance or something?" The voice of Saunders comes to me faintly. I have been far away. "What does the letter say? Who is this stiff? The doctor says he dies of something he calls thrombosis. Something about the blood vessels going into the heart. I guess he had a bad heart."

"Let me read the letter again," I stalled for time. Again I read the newspaper clipping that was in the envelope. It is an account of a ball game between two town teams out in Iowa. It reads, "The crowd laughed when Smith fell flat trying to get back over second for Whitney's grounder. Smith tried desperately, but those creaky old legs of his wouldn't carry him and the ball went for a base hit. . . ."

"The crowd laughed." . . . The memory of that day at the Yankee Stadium flashed through my mind. It was the day they laughed at Ty Cobb. Again I saw Hudson's white face and those hands so tightly clenched that I thought the skin would burst.

"Why it's—it's like laughing at God," the Big Boy had said. "If they ever do that to me my heart would stop."

"You know," Saunders broke in, "this fellow looks familiar to me somehow. I seen him somewhere before. Who is he, Joe? Some broken-down old ball player who come to the end of the road?"

"Yeah," I said, choking a bit and taking what I think is the easiest out for me, for the memory of a great ball player and for the game itself. "Yeah, just a broken-down old plug named Smith. Forget about him, Saunders. I'll have him buried."

"Joe," the detective says, a light of recognition suddenly dawning in his eyes, "I place him now. Joe! It's the Big Boy. It's Mike. . . ."

"Shut up," I try to scream, but there's smoke in my throat and I can only whisper. "Shut up, Saunders. His name is Smith. Do you hear me? His name is Smith and you never saw him before in your life."

THE detective looked at me for a minute.

"Okay, pally," he said softly. "His name is Smith and you're choking on account of having swallowed a bit of dust. His name is Smith, Joe, and I'll lick anyone who says anything different. Just a worn-out plug named Smith and I never saw him before in my life."

He left the room and closed the door behind him. He closed the door and then I pulled the sheet over what had been Mike Hudson.

There was nothing the matter with the big boy's heart—but even the strongest heart in the world can break, can't it?

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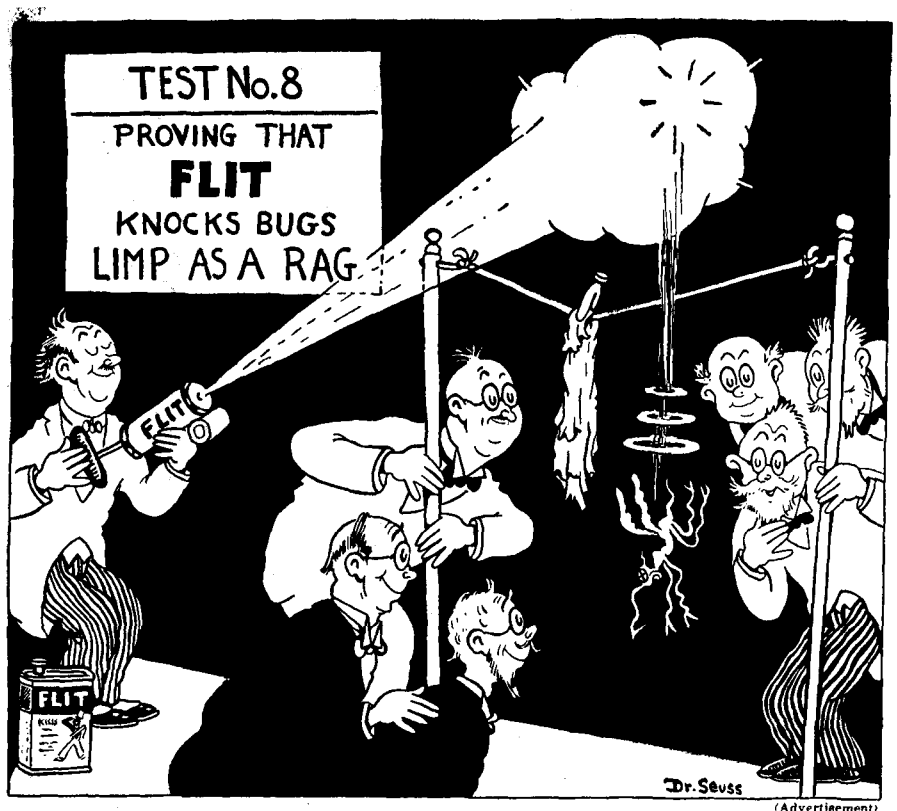

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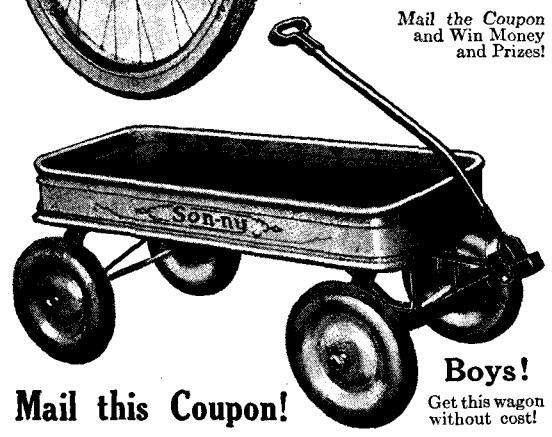

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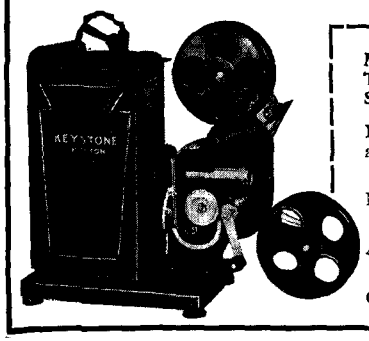

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Continued from page 20

Hitler reached a really serious stage this spring, shortly after the accession of Hitler to the German chancellorship. Amid the shattering of old traditions that immediately became the fashion under the new Nazi régime, the advocates of the proposed Reichskirche saw their chance and took it. Conservatives, picking up their newspapers one morning, read, with stupefaction, that the Nazi head of the government, in the sedate, hidebound and pious Mecklenburg district of northern Germany, had appointed a commissar to take over full control of the Protestant churches in his bailiwick, with a view to standardizing them along Hitlerite lines and presenting the new standardized product to Chief Adolf Hitler for his approval and benediction.

This amazing step came close on the heels of a proclamation, published in Mecklenburg, which, under the caption *"Peasants, take possession of your churches!"* called upon the country-people of the district to enroll themselves in the movement for Hitlerizing religion. "The evangelical churches of this region," it was proclaimed, "are simply and solely organizations whose purpose is to assure the continuance of duly authorized churchmen in the functions of preaching, the administration of the sacraments and the care of the souls of their congregations. But we wish that men of the national revolution, who belong to the evangelical denominations, take over control of the church, as members of the religious community and as its representatives, and proceed to its coördination ('Gleichschaltung!'—no getting away from that word!) with the revolutionary government of State and Reich. Therefore, we make this appeal to the people of the countryside! *'Peasants, take possession of your churches!'* There is danger that reaction will intrench itself in the administration of the church, exactly as it has done up to now, by means of alliance with the governments, overthrown by us, of the liberals and the godless!"

There was the devil to pay. The conservatives of the churchgoing community raised such a rumpus that the Hitler government in Berlin decided that the time was not ripe yet for such drastic action. So the head of the Mecklenburg government was rapped over the knuckles and told to watch his step, and matters in his bailiwick were put back to where they had been before he had suddenly pranced upon the scene with his little private Reformation.

Freedom Guaranteed

This act, however, delighted the "German Christians" and the rest of those bent on Hitlerizing religion in Germany. The former got together and pronounced their official benediction upon the prancing Mecklenburger. And the defenders of religion-without-politics closed ranks, firmly convinced now that they were in for a real battle.

Defenders of the independence of German Protestantism take special pains to make clear that they place their main reliance for protection on Chancellor Hitler himself. Hitler announced before the Reichstag early this year that, under his régime, the freedom of the churches would be respected. Believers in the religious *status quo* propose not to let him forget that remark; in fact, ever since he made it, they have been serving it up to him, with a variety of sauces, for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

The "German Christians," however, and other believers in hundred-per-cent Hitlerism persist in their theory that church independence is compatible with "Gleichschaltung"—and then proceed to make a picture of the German National Church as they wish to see it, which, to the eye of the average outsider, might as well be labeled: "Hitlerist government of Germany—Department of Religion."

Hitler himself took a hand in the fight between revolutionaries and standpatters when he appointed a particular friend of his as liaison officer between the régime, the established churches, and those desirous of reshaping religion along Nazi lines. This official, the Reverend Ludwig Mueller, was a chaplain with the German troops during the war—still another reminder of the strongly military spirit pervading the reorganization of Germany by Hitlerism.

Protection—if You're Good

Mueller's appointment came at a time when the "German Christians" were especially rampant and Protestant conservatives correspondingly worried. The latter, shortly before, had dispatched the president of the Evangelical Church Committee, Dr. Kapler, to call upon Hitler, protest against the activities of the extremists, remind him of his promise, and point out that German Protestantism was resolved to fight to the last against all encroachments on its freedom.

Dr. Kapler emerged from his interview with the news that the Chancellor stuck to his offers of protection. And the Reverend Herr Mueller, on assuming his duties as go-between soon afterward, issued a statement couched in moderate language.

"The 'German Christians' wish an Evangelical Church," he stated. "They have seriously alarmed the German religious community. Heads of the clergy also wish a great 'Evangelical Church of the German nation.' This church must now be established. . . . In the name of the German Chancellor, I call upon all concerned to coöperate honestly in the work. May the Lord of the Church endow us with the spirit of concord, in order that we may set out upon our labors with complete confidence!"

Conservatives received this announcement with mixed feelings. It failed utterly to tell exactly where the government stood with regard to the clamorous demands of the "German Christians" (of which body, by the way, the Reverend Mueller is a member). Were existing Protestant organizations to be "steam-rollered"? That was still the question. And, in some quarters, voices were raised warning church-goers not to attach too much importance to what the Chancellor had said before the Reichstag and repeated later to Dr. Kapler. Such things as quibbling and being overruled by extremists, they hinted, had not been entirely unknown in the careers of heads of government!

Hitlerism has crushed—for the time being, anyhow—the German Communist Party. It has brutally thrust aside the Socialist Party. It has threatened the Nationalists (though they helped Nazidom to its victory) with contempt. But the Nazis, despite their self-sufficiency, have been reluctant to break completely with the hitherto powerful Centrist Party, which, in its make-up and orientation, is strongly Catholic. Von Papen—himself a devout Catholic—and Goering, two of Hitler's cabinet leaders,

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went to Rome in April to try to persuade the Pope, among other things, to influence reformation of the Centrist Party on lines favorable to the Nazis. But the head of the Church, who thinks in centuries, and evidently is not yet persuaded that the Hitler ascendancy is permanent, thought it impolitic for the Centrists to jump at this time. Whereupon great tension and importance were fixed upon the annual conference of the Catholic German bishops at Fulda, in Hesse. The bishops dispatched a pastoral letter which was read from every Catholic pulpit in Germany. It was—inevitably so, because of the historic Catholic attitude—the most forthright expression of self-determination heard in Germany since Hitler became Chancellor. It said that while every German Catholic was proud of his country, ready to die for it, he would repel to the last any attempt to shake through nationalization of churches his adherence to the universal Catholic Church or to corrupt his spiritual allegiance to the Holy Father in Rome. Repercussions were instantaneous. In Munich, that very day, an important Catholic lay convention was in progress. The Catholics, in militant mood, wore orange-colored shirts, which the Nazis took as a slap at their famous brown ones—and the fisticuffs were on! Both sides later deplored the outbreak—and each blamed the other—but the eventual outcome is not yet plain, for the history of the Nazi movement has not been one of toleration toward those who disagree with it.

A taste of what religion in Germany may have in prospect was provided a few weeks ago at the Bavarian village of Oberammergau, world-renowned as the scene of the Passion Play. The Passion Play has been performed at Oberammergau every ten years for three centuries, the last performances having been given in 1930. But—owing to the fact that next year will mark the three hundredth anniversary of the peasants' vow to give the play, in thanksgiving for having been delivered from the plague—there will be special performances next summer. In the past, the village council of Oberammergau has chosen those who are to enact the principal rôles, with attention solely to religious and histrionic considerations.

"Do You Believe in Hitler?"

But the council is now dominated by the Nazis, like practically everything else in Germany, and apprehension is being expressed that, here as elsewhere, they may make politics the main factor in choosing the cast for 1934. Despite reassuring reports from Oberammergau to the effect that the change in the village council's make-up will not affect the unbiased nature of its decisions, there is a feeling that villagers, before being assigned their parts, will not have to answer first the questions, "Are you a pious Christian?" and "Can you act?" but "Do you believe in Adolf Hitler?"

Upholders of religious freedom are fighting with heroic obstinacy the attempt to "steam-roller" them. At a time when Hitler's political foes are imprisoned, and when his secret police are arresting critics of his government all over Germany, they are sticking to their guns with extraordinary courage.

One of their most daring manifestoes (published in an official organ of theirs, a Berlin newspaper suspended soon afterward for a month) stated, in the form of a confession of faith, the doctrine of religious freedom as applicable to the present situation in Germany. Among the propositions laid down were these:

"We look, for the reformation of our Church, not to the swastika but to the Cross."

"National-Socialism is a political reformation; reformation of the Church cannot come from its coördination with a political reformation."

"No worldly symbol has a place beside the Cross."

"We believe in the Old Testament not as a collection of documents appertaining to the Jewish religion but as the testimony of the revelation of God. . . ."

"Israel was not chosen as a race or a people, but as the people among whom the Saviour of all peoples was to be born and crucified."

"We believe not in a God of nature, of a race, or of a people, but in God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

"Coördination of Church and State is a misinterpretation and confusion of the nature and mission of the state, to which has been given the sword, and of the nature and mission of the Church, to which has been entrusted the Word of God."

"The principle of leadership is not religious but political."

In another equally outspoken manifesto, a leading defender of independent Protestantism declared: "The Holy Ghost cannot be put to political uses."

Still another said:

"If the religious situation is not to become a catastrophe for German Protestant churches, as a result of governmental interference, it is absolutely necessary that the political authorities acknowledge the freedom of the Gospel and that the church authorities refuse to deviate a hair's breadth from the straight path of the Gospel."

Partisan Crucifixion

But the most daring of all the blasts from the camp of the opponents of Hitlerist "steam-rollering" of religion was a front-page editorial in the Tägliche Rundschau (suppressed soon afterward) warning Hitler and his government to keep their hands off the churches. The warning was conveyed thus:

"One of the heads of the 'German Christians' told us recently: 'If Christ should rise again, He would lead in the fight against Marxism and internationalism.' Fourteen years ago we heard the opposite from the mouths of religious Socialists. 'If Christ should rise again,' they said, 'He would lead the proletarians to battle against capitalism and the bourgeoisie.'

"If Christ should rise again, He would unquestionably so live and manifest Himself to us that we should be obliged, owing to our religious prejudices, to repudiate Him and nail Him to the Cross. . . . Whosoever imagines that it would be otherwise, and that he would find in Jesus of Nazareth a religious 'leader,' a partisan of his own important cause, or movement, or outlook on life, is the victim of a fatal error. Whosoever thinks thus fears to make to himself a bitter and devastating confession: that all of us belong to the fanatical mob and would shout again: 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'"

In their campaign to bring religion into line with the Nazi revolution, extremists among Hitler's followers can look back upon a whole series of precedents. They can point to the ruthless persecution by the Hitler régime of German Jews; to its throttling of political opposition; to its muzzling of the press; to its abrogation of the local privileges of the various states composing the Reich; and to its arbitrary transformation of trade unions throughout Germany into docile instruments of Nazi policy. Champions of religious freedom are putting up a stiff fight. Between now and next autumn, when the German religious war is expected to reach a climax, they may be counted upon to give blow for blow.

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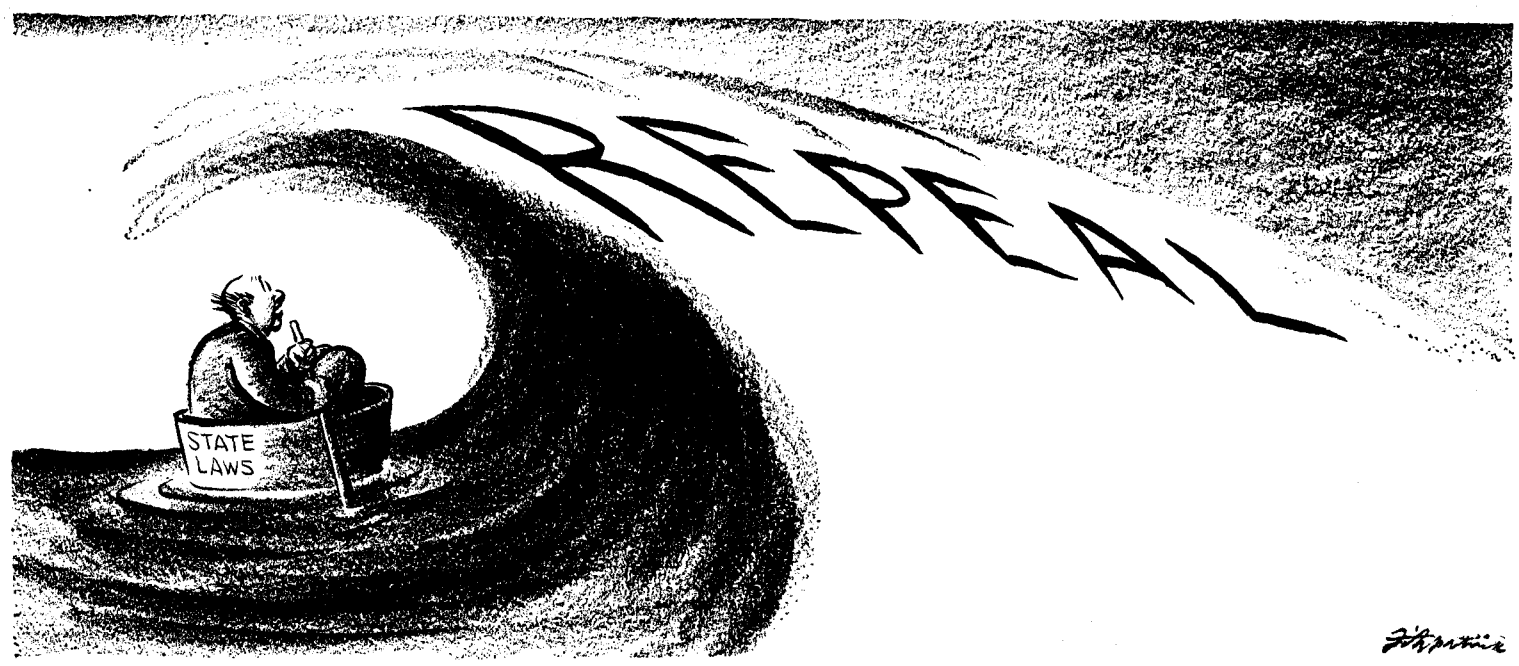

When the Dam Comes Down

THAT the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will be speedily ratified can no longer be doubted. 1933 may see the end of prohibition. Opposition to repeal has disintegrated even in states counted dry.

Not even the leaders of the repeal movement had any idea of the force of the sentiment against Federal prohibition.

The very size of the wet majorities constitutes a danger. Public opinion is against prohibition because of the evils it produced. The rise of gangster rule, the debauchery of government and the general degradation of political office which followed the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment moved the American people to insist upon a wholesome housecleaning.

The drys failed because they underestimated the inherent decency of their fellow citizens. When a man opposed prohibition because he resented gangster violence and corruption, the fanatic dry accused him of alcoholic thirst or venality.

This was a fatal error in judgment. Repeal is not being accomplished by drinkers or by the corrupt. On the contrary, the doom of the Eighteenth Amendment was written by sober, temperate men and women who refused to condone crime and bribery. The well-founded belief that taxes from a legal liquor traffic would contribute hundreds of millions of dollars now squandered by bootleggers and corruptionists also helped to bring about the change.

Unless the states generally are able to deal intelligently and honestly with the liquor traffic, once prohibition has been repealed, the issue will return to plague us. Too few states have shown signs of planning a rational control of the liquor traffic. The majority have been derelict.

The means used to deal with beer are fairly indicative. Beer authorized by Congress has been the source of few scandals but this is due chiefly to the fact that 3.2 per cent beer seems in fact not to be intoxicating. The mildness of the drink has saved the situation.

Hard liquor, however, is not a mild drink and unless the states make sensible provision for the regulation of the traffic while there is still time, grave abuses are certain.

One of the most intelligent attempts to provide decent regulation is being made by Connecticut. The state is wet in sentiment. It never ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. Still when beer was made legal Connecticut took the lead in the effort to control the traffic. The law adopted applies now only to beer. When, as and if—to use cautious lawyers' words—repeal is ratified, the statute will be applied to stronger liquor.

In many respects the Connecticut law embodies the best of Canadian and European experience and it should be widely useful in other American states.

In Connecticut, as everywhere else, sordid politicians tried to seize control of the sale of beer. A loose bill was proposed by the politicians, the effect of which would have been to compel the licensing of any bootlegger or criminal-at-large to sell beer by local authorities subject to political pressure.

Fortunately, Governor Wilbur L. Cross had appointed a bipartisan commission of distinguished citizens, headed by John Buckley, to study conditions and to draft a law. Finally this commission's measure was adopted despite the fury of the politicians.

Connecticut now controls the sale of beer and Connecticut is now ready to control the sale of other alcoholic liquors whenever such sales may lawfully be made.

Any thoughtful American law dealing with liquor control will draw heavily upon the experience of Quebec. This Connecticut has done but with modifications suitable to American conditions.

First of all—and this is fundamental—a state commission is created to control beer and liquor when the time comes. The commission must represent both political parties. The commission has very large powers designed to free it from the dictation of local politicians.

Second—and this also is vital—beer or liquor must not be sold or delivered in any town which has voted under local option against sale.

No person who has been convicted of violating any state or Federal law concerning the sale of liquor may have any kind of permit. Public officials must keep out of the business. The person selling beer and, later, liquor must prove his fitness and give a cash or easily collectible surety bond in advance for his good behavior.

Permits may not be issued for certain places. Beer taverns may not be established near churches or public buildings. Taverns may not sell hard liquor and stores may not sell liquor to be drunk on the premises. Cocktails will not be sold except in bottles to be consumed privately. Sunday opening within limits depends upon the will of the community. Permits may be revoked.

Beer may not be sold to drunkards, and detailed and easily enforceable rules are set down for listing those not to be supplied.

The Connecticut law looks forward to meeting the conditions of full repeal. Separate permits will be issued to manufacturers, wholesalers and various types of retail distributors.

Beer is now sold by the glass in taverns and other eating places. Bottled beer is dispensed at stores. When prohibition is repealed other stores may be licensed to sell spirits by the bottle or in packages. Nothing comparable to the old saloon or modern speakeasy in which everything might be had over the bar is allowed in the law.

All this is based on the experience of those countries which have made progress in controlling the traffic in alcohol while we were floundering in the indecencies and corruption of prohibition. The Connecticut law is an expression of the intelligent, public-spirited men and women of the state.

In every state similar preparations should be made. It is folly for drys to oppose making such reasonable arrangements to meet the conditions which must surely arise.

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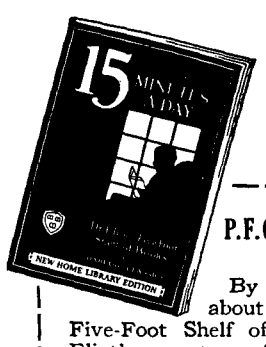

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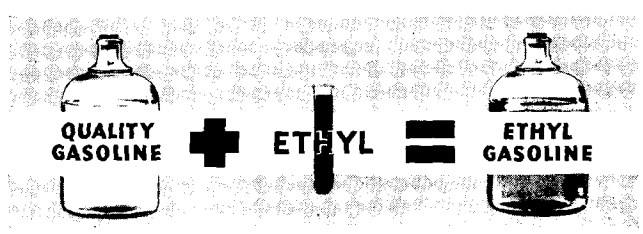

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